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THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Portrait by Maurice Goldberg

HELEN MENKEN

A young artist whose radiant performance in "Seventh Heaven" places her in the foremost rank of American actresses.

©J. W. P.

SAND CRANES

A Study in Light and Movement by J. W. Pondelicek

THEATRE MAGAZINE

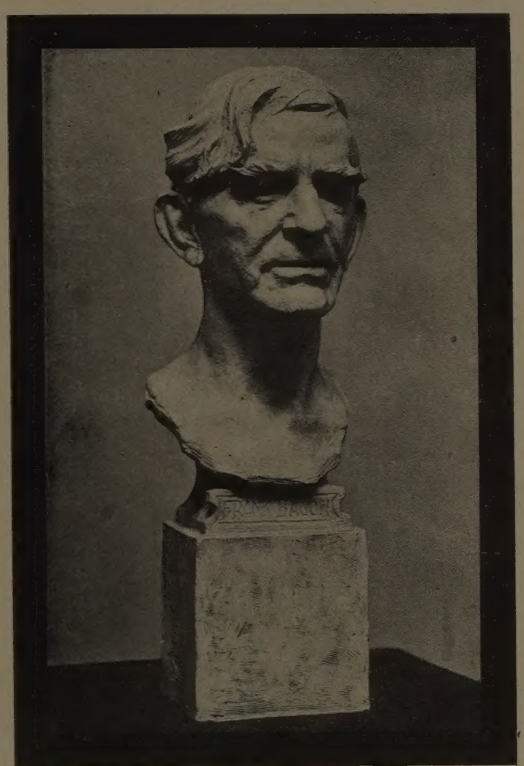
Edited by
ARTHUR HORNBLOW and
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr.

Olla Podrida

The Managerial Marathon

IMITATION may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it does not say much for the originality and resourcefulness of our leading producers when we find managers and artists slavishly following the lead of a business competitor. When, some months ago, it was announced that David Warfield would appear in *The Merchant of Venice,* Barnay Bernard immediately came out with a statement to the effect that he would be seen as Shylock at a special matinee. A manager announces the appearance of Miss So-and-So as Juliet and lo! a rival producer, his managerial ear close to the ground, comes out with the news that Miss Blank will at once appear under his aegis as Romeo's sweet lady-love. According to the announcements already made, we are to see no fewer than three Juliets this Winter—Miss Jane Cowl's, Miss Ethel Barrymore's and Miss Lenore Ulric's.

Mr. Warfield's Shylock has already been seen, but of the Barnay Bernard Jew nothing more has been heard. It is said, by way of apology for Mr. Bernard, that for many years he has wished to play Shakespeare's Jew. The same might be said of every débutante whose one dream it is to play Juliet. Mr. Bernard's sudden decision to realize his ambition at the very moment Warfield's Shylock is announced is surely more than a coincidence. It is said that the Selwyns received so many letters from potential box office patrons fearful that Bernard's classic soarings might deprive them of the delectable delights of *Potash and Perlmutter* that they prevailed on their Jewish star to abandon all idea of the special Shakespearean matinee.



Bust by Georg J. Lober — Executed by Gorham

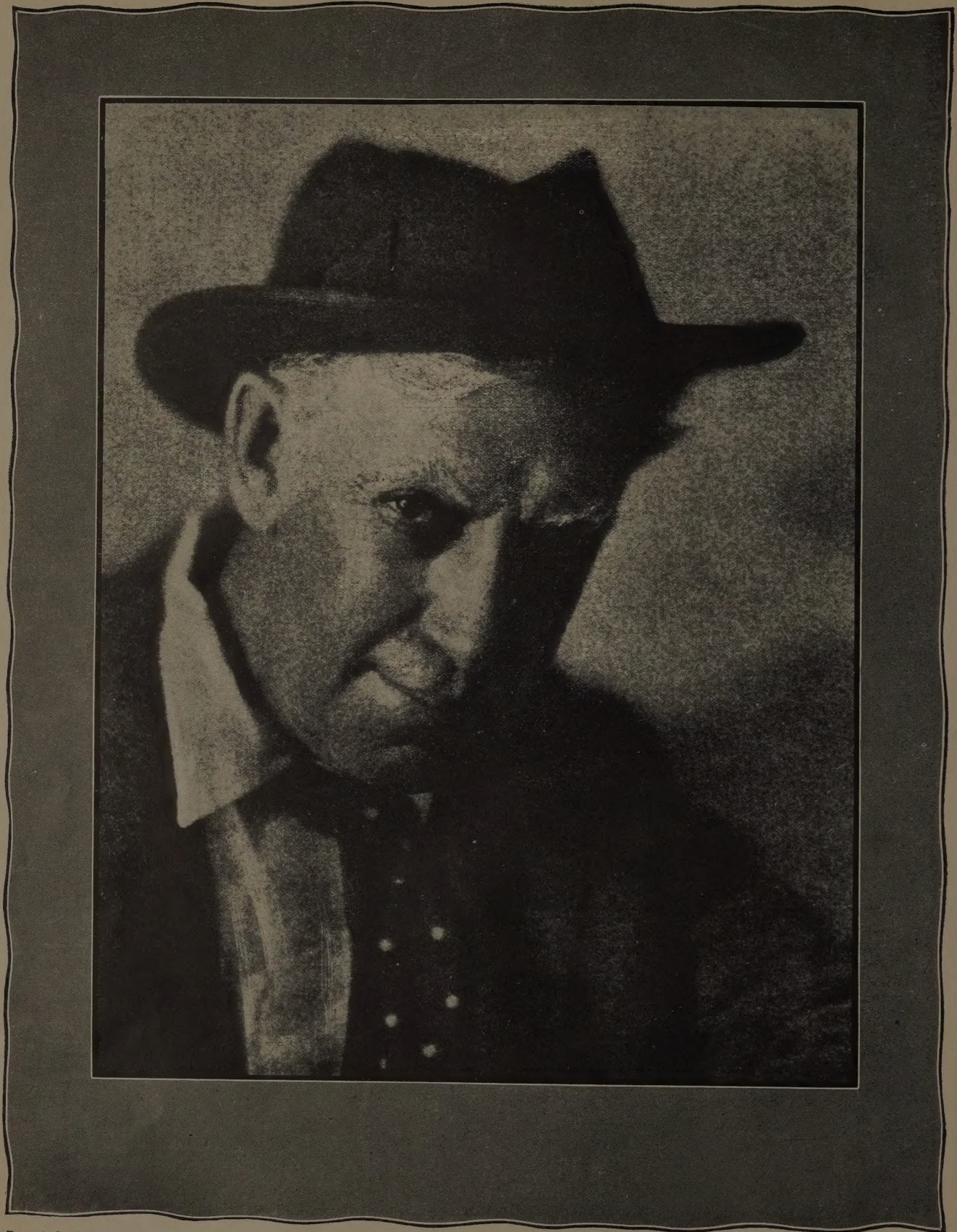
FRANK BACON

Who, beloved as man and actor, has taken his final curtain.

Be that as it may, it seems pretty small potatoes—this business of one manager or artist profiting by the publication of a competitor's plans to try to get ahead of him. Not that the practice is without precedent in theatrical circles. Augustin Daly suffered so much from it that he devised a plan to protect himself. When preparing a new Shakespearean production, the play to be given was never mentioned by its title, even among his associates. For example, *The Shrew* was known as No. 3, *Love's Labour Lost* as No. 4, *Midsummer Night's Dream* as No. 6, and so on. Most of us still remember the lively fight precipitated in 1891 when Oscar Hammerstein and Rudolph Aronson strove for the honor of being the first to present *Cavalleria Rusticana* in New York, the latter manager beating the redoubtable Oscar by only a few hours. More recent instances were the simultaneous rival productions of Molnar's play *The Devil,* by the Savage and Fiske companies, and the rival impersonations of the ubiquitous d'Artagnan, by E. H. Sothern, and James O'Neill respectively.

For years Shakespeare was a dead letter. Sure the Bard spelled ruin, the managers left him severely alone, until only Mantell and Sothern were left to carry the Shakespearean banner through the land. Suddenly Belasco decides to do *The Merchant.* Mr. Hopkins flirts with *Macbeth* and *Hamlet,* served up *à la* Jones. Instantly, there is a panic in the managerial chicken coop. Belasco and Hopkins doing Shakespeare? There must be money in it, after all. What other plays has the guy written? Oh, there's *Richard III, Othello* and similar farces. Dusty tomes are overhauled, costume plates eagerly scanned. One distinct advantage is no royalties to pay the author. Shall it be Shakespeare *à la* Childs or *à la* Ritz? Why not a touch of realism with a real African for Othello?

These managerial marathons may have their interesting side as assuredly they have their humorous side, but it is scarcely a dignified or edifying spectacle, to see one worker in the theatre trying to appropriate the thunder of a confrère. Happily, our local stage has been singularly free from unfair rivalry of this kind for many years. Our leading producers, having buried the hatchet, now labor together in a spirit of harmonious camararderie. That is as it should be and why we view with concern the present tendency in some quarters to revert to practices that are neither honorable nor profitable. The realm of the drama is surely big enough and wide enough for all without it being necessary for any one to encroach upon the preserves of another. In the old California gold mining days there was an unwritten law that was respected by the roughest and most reckless of miners. Once a man had staked his claim, that bit of mud and gravel was his property, not to be trespassed upon. The ethics of the mining camp might well do for the Rialto.



Portrait by Maurice Goldberg

THE OLD SOAK

A Camera-charcoal Study of Harry Beresford in his Admirable Characterization as Don Marquis' Genial Good-for-nothing

The Brethren of the "Vicious Circle"

A Complete Disclosure of the Conspiring Ring of Critics

By ONE OF THEM

IN the balmy old days of ten or fifteen years ago, whenever a critic spoke ill of a play or its performance, the managers, playwrights and actors alleged and, in moments of temper, believed, that this was either because he had been spurned in some previous leering approach to the leading lady or had experienced the anguish of having a play rejected by the management. Recently this ancient allegation seems to have been giving way bit by bit to the charge that the more audible and obstreperous of the reviewers work as a group, sitting fiendishly around some imaginary cauldron and there deciding whether each new play is to live or die. Of course, it is a little difficult not only to hold this view, but also to cling fondly to that other item in the theatrical creed—the conviction that nothing a critic says or does matters one way or another. It is difficult, but the more indignant of the show-folk manage it somehow.

THE CHARGE OF THE MANAGERS

THE charge has been muttered in chance meetings of the managers, has been written between the lines of some of the trade journals of the theatre and has been bitterly proclaimed by several of the less successful playwrights. It has been particularly directed against that famous hostelry which Frank Case rules in West 44th Street, opposite the Hippodrome's melancholy side-view and between the City Club and the spot where Henri used to cook. This is the Algonquin. This hotel has long been a favorite among the players, but of recent years its dining-rooms have been over-run by the ink-stained wretches from the newspapers and within the past twelve month the Algonquin has become a famous gathering place of the great and near-great. Its name has become celebrated like that of the Cheshire Cheese in London. It has led to the coining of the word "algonquinized"—a term of reproach employed by the peevish.

It might be well to indicate some of the regulars that lunch in that little roped-off room over which the suave and Hellenic George presides as head-waiter. First in numbers and abuse come the habitués of that round table to which some amused passerby once gave the name of the Vicious Circle. In honor of its waiter, it is also known as the Luigi Board, but that title is less familiar. The membership of this luncheon club is large and flexible and indeterminate as no question of election governs it and no one really has the say as to who shall eat there and who shall not.

THE MEMBERS OF THE RING

THE critics who belong are Heywood Broun and Deems Taylor, who write for the *World;* Alexander Woollcott, playboy for the *Herald;* Robert C. Benchley and Robert E. Sherwood who cover the plays and the movies for *Life;* John V. A. Weaver, who writes of books for the *Brooklyn Eagle;* Ruth Hale, movie critic of *Judge,* and Kenneth MacGowan, dramatic critic of the *Globe.* Brock Pemberton, the producer and Murdock Pemberton of the Dillingham forces have been in from the start. George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, playwrights and newspaper men have been in from the start. So has David H. Wallace. So have Dorothy Parker and Beatrice Kaufman and Jane Grant. So has Franklin P. Adams. Harold W. Ross, editor of the *American Legion Weekly,* is another of the irregulars. John Peter Toohey, writer and theatrical manager, is an authority on the price scale of the Algonquin and remembers the time when they did not dare ask that much for pumpkin pie. Then sundry players are unquestioned members of the Circle—notably Peggy Wood, Roland Young and Margalo Gillmore. And the non-resident membership includes Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, Peter Clark MacFarlane and Arthur McKeogh, art-editor of the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Elsewhere in the same dining-room you are likely to see such folk as Bruce Barton and Roy Durstine of the advertising firm of Barton, Durstine and Osborn; the stray notables who may be in the tow at the moment of either Boni and Liveright or Alfred A. Knopf; Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford when they are in town, and Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay when *they* are; Gertrude Atherton when the fit is on her, and Beatrice Herford when she is not immured in her little cottage tucked away somewhere in New England; Burton Rascoe of the *Tribune's* book-page and Gilbert Seldes, managing editor of *The Dial;* Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist and Carl Van Vechten, the cat-king.

THEIR SECRET MEETING PLACE

SO runs the school of queer fish that you will see any day in the smallest of the Algonquin's dining-rooms. It is a wild miscellany and the most amused onlooker is Master Case himself, who sits at the table near the door and, when any of his clients flounce out because they are not served as promptly as they demand, manages somehow to bear up. Occasionally, he intervenes to the extent of naming a salad after the lovely Flora Zabelle or the beauteous Hedda Hopper, and he even retaliates when his cuisine is denounced in the public prints. Shortly after the dramatic critic of the *Tribune* made snoots at the Algonquin, there appeared on the menu a dish *called* Hammond Eggs (laughter) and when the literary editor of the same journal said that the Algonquin food was punk, or words to that effect, the offended menu promptly came out with an item called Lambs' Fries, Rascoe.

But whenever some outsider casts aspersions on the Algonquin as if it were some Peacock Alley of Psuedo-Intellectuals or as if Broun, for instance, were the Kleagle of a Kritical Klu Klux Klan, the reference is not to the Algonquin in general, but to the much abused Vicious Circle, an innocent luncheon table which came into being because F. P. A. happened to stop at the Algonquin after he came home from the wars and because Sarah, the dusky pastry queen, made such mangnificent pies.

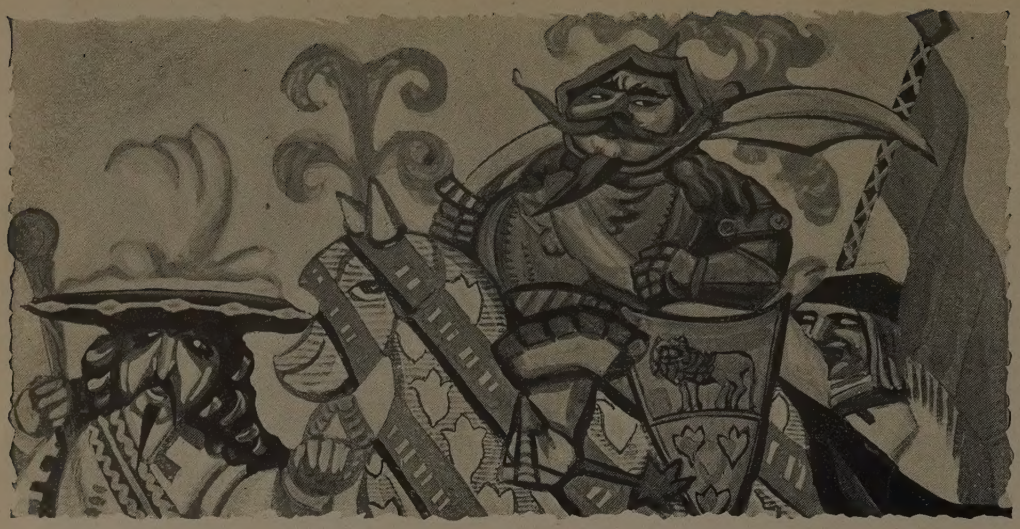
About these First-Nights of the Round Table, much nonsense is written and more is whispered. There are two main allegations. One is that such of the Circle as are given to reviewing plays consult together and come to an agreement as to what, in general, is to be said about each one. The difficulty with establishing this theory is that the poor, harried minions of the morning papers have, between the final curtain and the edition dead-line, no time to consult together and that only once or twice in a season do they ever show any signs of an agreement about anything. The published reviews range all the way from the weekly jocosities of Benchley to the gushing enthusiasms of Woollcott. Here was Benchley, the only one to like *The Tavern* and the only one to be bored at the *Chauve-Souris.* It would be a master-hand at Pigs-in-clover who could get him into the same pocket with Woollcott who despised *The Tavern* and lost his head, such as it was, at Mr. Balieff's show. And so it goes throughout.

RESPONSIBLE FOR SUCCESS OF *SALLY*

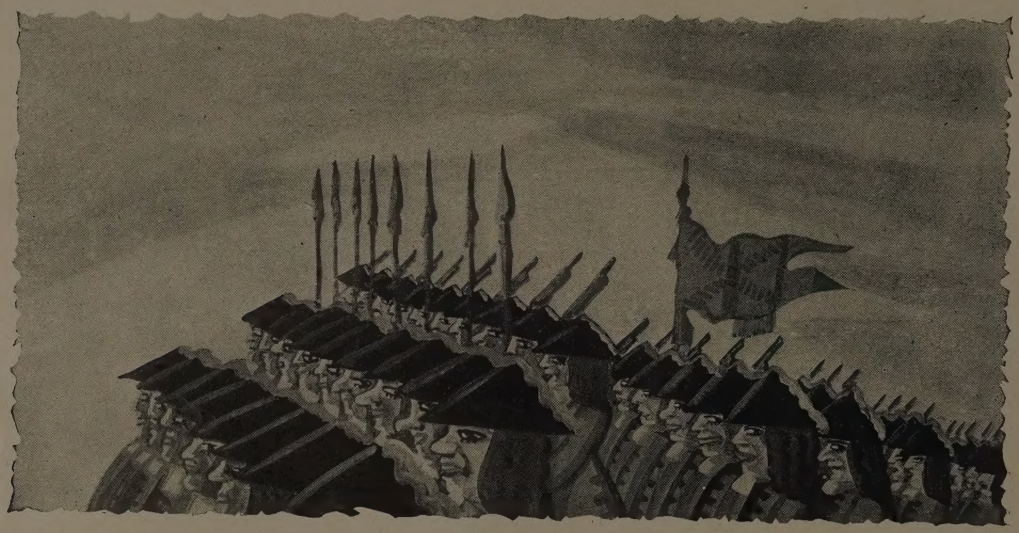
YET the allegation that these reviewers work as a secret "ring" crops up despite all the evidence. And when, for once in a way, they do agree, when, for instance, with one accord, all the critics burst into loud cheers over the performance of Jeanne Eagels in *Rain,* it was doubtless assumed either that Miss Eagels had a friend at court or that the ring had decided to get behind her and see what they could do in the old Frohman game of star-making. It would, of course, occur to nobody that all this cheering was because Miss Eagels had given a mighty good performance. Really, the best comment on all the nonsense was made by Marc Connelly who, with his nearest approach to a perfectly straight face, was heard whispering: "Say, fellows, let's decide that *Sally* and *The Bat* should be successes."

The other allegation is to the effect that the loyal members of the Vicious Circle, both in and out of print, make a special point of praising one another. As a matter of fact, the air above the round table is electric with dirty cracks and the scrap-

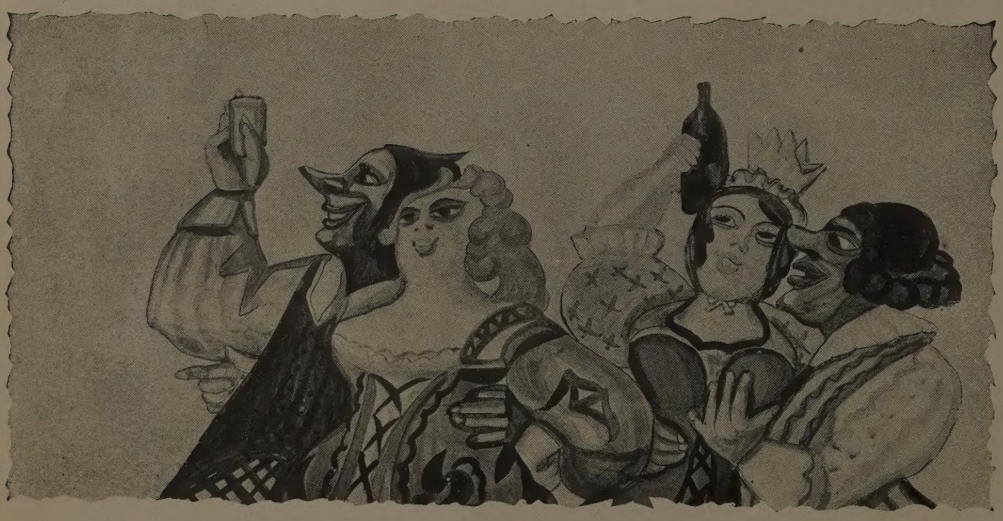
(*Continued on page* 60)



The Great Lord Marlbrough goes off to the wars! (*Proudly*), "Mironton! Mironton! Mironton—ton—ton!"



His Handsome army follows on in Full Panoply! (*Bravely*), "Mironton! Mironton! Mironton—ton—ton!"



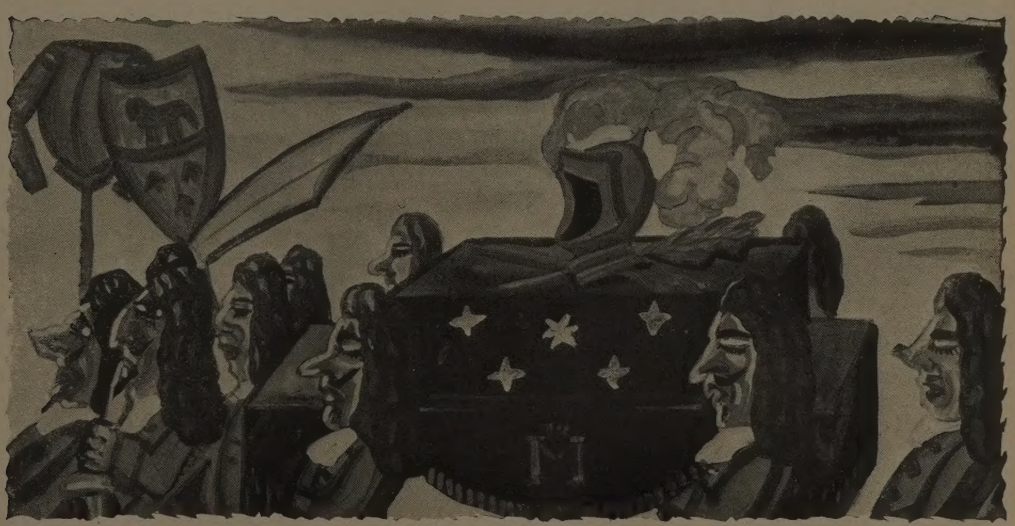
Then the Festive Villagers with Song and Wine! (*Gaily*), "Mironton! Mironton! Mironton—ton—ton!"

SIX SKETCHES BY SOUDEIKINE FOR THE CLASSIC

A Few of the Martial and Tragic Figures that Parade in

But, lo! Soon comes Bad News to My Lady! (*Haltingly*), "Mironton! Mironton! Mironton—ton—ton!

The Army Comes Marching Home Slightly Decimated! (*Gloomily*), "Mironton! Mironton! Mironton—ton—ton!"



And Our Splendid Marquis Takes His Final Ride! (*Mournfully*), Mironton. Mironton. Mironton—ton—ton."

BALLAD "MARLBROUGH S'EN VA T'EN GUERRE"

Amusing State on the Stage of the "Chauve Souris"

The Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

VIII.—ALAN DALE

HUMPH! That's Alan Dale. The small man with the glistening head. No hair has grown on that shimmering surface for ten years. His real name is Alfred Cohen. He turned his back on the name of his forefathers and borrowed that of a character in Robin Hood, you know. Spells it the same, too, one l in Alan. Sails under it. Dines under it. Writes under it. Markets under it.

If a competition were started for the most unpopular man on Broadway he would win it. He draws more hate than steel does lightning. He has been insulted from the stage. William A. Brady made a footlight speech denouncing him. Lawrence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, from the stage of the Comedy Theatre hurled the epithet, "Wretched little Birmingham Jew!" Klaw & Erlanger barred him from their theatres. George C. Tyler notified the newspaper that employs him that he would not be admitted to see any production made by him. George Broadhurst forbade his witnessing his plays.

But Alan Dale has managed to survive the managerial choler. He is a courageous fellow and still to be found at the old stand, his undisputed sense of humor often marred by a vitriolic pen. Sixty-two years of life, forty of these on Park Row, have developed in him certain peculiarities. He sniffs in print and out at "reporters" though he was one before—through the death of Nym Crinkle—he eased into dramatic criticism.

He forgets to speak to persons he knows. Ashton Stevens, his fellow critic, complained of this. His neighbors of the commuters' town, Bayside, say he looks above their heads, which isn't easy considering his diminutive height, while they wait at the little gray shed station, for the Manhattan train. The neighbors don't care, save they wonder whether it is a sign of intense preoccupation in some as yet unproduced play, held tantalizingly long by a manager; or of failing sight and memory incident to accumulating years; or whether his thoughts turn wearily from the Broadway that so oft has been made hot for him, to the peace of retirement.

Sole survivor of the Old Guard of dramatic critics, Alan Dale stands or sits, alone.

He wearies of his post as critic. Once he left it for three years to try syndicating a theatrical letter and to do magazine work. He has tried writing novels, a dozen or so of them. Lillian Russell died unsatisfied because her order for one of his books, *Conscience on Ice,* could not be filled. Her order had stood with book dealers for fifteen years. She had heard that it was a daring tale and wanted to slake her curiosity in its pages.

He wrote a play, closed, by what he deems the impertinence of the police, six weeks after its much heralded opening. Its theme was the unblessed-by-clergy elopement and maternity of a modern young woman who wanted to dispense with the form of matrimony.

He has served forty years in the wilderness of Manhattan. He is "a good provider" for his family, which consists of an unmarried sister and two daughters. There are no better fathers and brothers than Dale has been.

IX.—LENORE ULRIC

AH! hardworking little Lenore Ulric is having a holiday. It's a busman's holiday, for she spends it at a matinee performance of another play. Like Nat Goodwin, she likes to "watch the other fellow work."

Looks young, doesn't she? She is. When I hear her name, or see it on the three sheets, I think of youth, passion, ambition, achievements. She seems to me Adelaide Neilson, reincarnate. I wonder whether Mr. Belasco is struck with the resemblance. We have to judge by Miss Neilson's pictures and biography. But he has memory of her.

Like Miss Neilson, Miss Ulric is of the soil. The great Neilson had been an English barmaid. The nearly great Ulric is of a poor Austrian family that immigrated to Minnesota. She is a small town girl. New Ulm, Minn., claims her.

She was an ambitious member of the chorus in a Chicago company. Her determination has helped her up the ladder. No shyness held her back when she wanted to call managerial attention to her gifts. She besieged Oliver Morosco's office. She bombarded him with letters. Managers are like the best judges. They yield because of importunities. While she was playing in *The Bird of Paradise,* she wrote David Belasco asking him to see her performance, and saying that the greatest wish of her heart was to be under his management.

Mr. Belasco did not see *The Bird of Paradise.* Instead, he sent a stage manager who made a favorable report of the girl from Minnesota. Interviews with the Star Maker followed. The letter which she wrote The Wizard is framed and hangs on the wall of the green room in the Belasco Theatre.

Young, unwed, Miss Ulric is the head of a large family. To a father, a mother and a large brood of sisters, she is Providence and Lady Bountiful.

She lives in a girlish house in the Seventies. A narrow, three-story, red brick house near West End Avenue. Its massing of splendid colors is proof of her Oriental tastes.

That statuesque woman with the white hair goes everywhere with her. Katherine Kerrigan, who was the widow of Clay Clement. You know, Clay Clement who wrote his own plays and starred in them. Miss Kerrigan, or Miss Clement, has a studio on the top floor of Miss Ulric's pretty little house.

Silly reports of Lenore Ulric's engagement to this or that youth get into the newspapers. Once it was to a likeable young actor. Now to a well-known musician. But Lenore doesn't trouble even to deny the reports. For she has told me of her attitude toward hearts.

"I shall never marry," she said, "because I know that marriage will interrupt my career. A love affair, yes, perhaps. But not marriage."

She is a dark flame burning its way to the heights.

X.—ARTHUR RICHMAN

OF course, Arthur Richman is here. Unostentatiously here, for he does not affect the social side of theatregoing. He attends first nights as a student attends the opera, in the rapt mood of the student. Not imposing.

He looks like a broker, but his soul is crowded with dreams of beauty. Notice his brow. It is straight and full and smooth, the extra story forehead of a man who is destined to do remarkable things.

He is what Booth Tarkington threatened to pin a medal on if he found it, a native of New York. He is that anomaly, a studious Manhattanite.

He has been writing plays ever since he can remember. For a long time they were only produced in his own toy theatre for the children of the neighborhood. The cast for his plays were puppets.

Dreams before deeds. This dreamful

(*Continued on page* 60)

NEXT MONTH: ETHEL BARRYMORE, DAVID WARFIELD, ARTHUR HOPKINS and EDWARD SHELDON.

Portrait by Nickolas Muray

EUGENIA REPELSKY

A young Russian but recently arrived in this country who has found marked success as a feature dancer with the Greenwich Village Follies

BORIS GODUNOFF

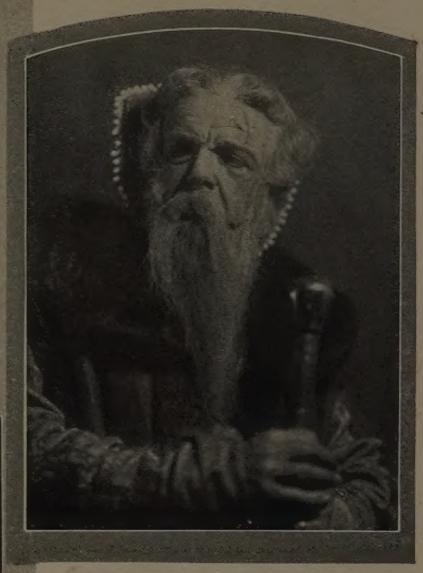
Played by Alexander Vichnevsky

Imperial Chancellor to Tsar Fyodor and Master of Court. Brother to the Tsarina Irina, equipped by intellect to rule, his roar the dominant voice in the chaos arising from Fyodor's indecision. This is the period precedent to the Motosorgsky opera which finds Boris on the throne.

PRINCE SHAKHOVSKY

Played by Vladimir Yershoff

Fiancè of the Princess Metislavskaya, hot and fiery scion of the clan Shouisky, whose romance is shattered when his masters decide for policy's sake to use the Princess as a pawn in their struggle for power.



PRINCE IVAN PETROVITCH SHOUISKY

Played by Vassily Luzhsky

Venerable head of the clan of nobles locked in death grapple with the Imptrial Chancellor, Boris Godunoff. He is a veteran of the wars of defense against the Poles and Tartars, an idol of the populace, and a victim of his sense of fealty to his Tsar.

PRINCESS MSTISLAVSKAYA

Played by Lydia Korenieva

Unhappy noblewoman of a family allied to the Shouiskys, ruthlessly torn from the union of her heart's desire to serve as pawn in the struggle between Godunoff and her own clan.

(Upper)

TSARINA IRINA

Played by Olga Knipper-Tchekhova

Beloved and faithful wife to Tsar Fyodor, and one of the pawns in the struggle between the factions of Godunoff and the Shouiskys, with her brother Boris. The latter endeavors, in this drama of an ancient court by Count Alexei Tolstoi, to use her to forward his own ends.

(Lower)

TSAR FYODOR IVANOVITCH

Played by Ivan Moskvin

Younger son of the scourge of Russia, Ivan the Terrible, and his successor to the throne of all the Russias in 1584. One of the most pitiful and appealing figures in all history. Heir to the realm exhausted by his father's misdeeds, he possessed nothing but indecision and a pious desire to do good as weapons to oppose a factional war between his nobles. The play is the tale of his vacillation between these two factions and its disastrous consequences.

Pictures by courtesy of Morris Gest

NEW YORK PREMIERE OF MOSCOW PLAYERS AT HAND

Stanislavsky Artists to Open with their Sumptuous Production of "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch"

Is Radio An Enemy of the Theatre?

The Prospects and Possibilities of the Latest Great National Fad

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

THE meteoric rise of the Radio has aroused unusual speculation as to the probable effects of its inevitable development in perfection. Chief of the fields which have been invaded is that of the Theatre, for outside of the purely experimental, governmental and commercial usage, the entertainment value of the wireless medium is its largest appeal. It is a natural thing for those who dispense play-acting, concerts, opera and other forms of amusement, to be a little self-conscious in any analysis of the new alignment which may be forced by the newcomer.

Whenever Science achieves another miracle it is a strange wind which does not blow somebody harm. The sewing machine in the factories made it possible for one woman to do the work of fifty. Every labor saving device threw some people out of employment. The gunmakers displaced the arrow-makers, the automobile manufacturers were a death blow to the carriage artisans. One could run down the list of inventions and discoveries, to learn how everyone of them did something to somebody. It seems laughable and pitiable to read today of the opposition which, in the period of their inception, was massed against the telephone, railroads, steamboats, printing presses, by the great majorities. Newness is anathema with majorities. Tradition and custom are great old bulkheads of safety at the beachline of existence. But what is good for humanity batters down the futile arguments of the standpatters, and the new alignment takes care of everybody. Now there is one thing which a close study of invention will prove. Irrespective of the changes in existing conditions which it may bring about, nobody suffers in the long run. If a sewing machine did the work of fifty, the other forty-nine were taken up by other pursuits.

A FRIEND OF THE THEATRE

I DO not mean to indicate that the Radio is destined to rout the theatre and to take its place. Quite the contrary, it shall be my endeavor to prove the Radio a decided friend—not enemy of the theatre. But the opportunity to pay my respects to those enemies of progress in all fields, the rivals of innovation, is so welcome, that I could not pass it by.

I chance to be in a rather interesting position. Fighting, as I constantly am, for better art in the theatre and concert halls, I should be the last to take my position with any force opposed to the theatre. Yet I have revelled in the new miracle of the radio, and have flung myself into its development. I have broadcast probably two hundred performances of fine music—concerts, recitals, opera, with the co-operation of nearly five hundred splendid artists. These performances have gone on the air from Newark, Roselle Park, Fort Wood (Bedloes Island), and Manhattan, and have been heard by many millions in all parts of the Northern Hemisphere. Naturally, I have caught all about me the reaction of leaders and laymen in the dramatic and musical fields. Is the new radio theatre a rival of the Legitimate Stage, Vaudeville Stage, Concert and Operatic Stage? Is it a rival of the phonograph and player piano and piano and automobile and bicycle and—of all entertainment?

It is not so long ago that the Motion Picture made its entry into the world and the doom of the stage was seen in the immediate future. Wisely and shrewdly many of the business men of the theatre

Broadway has registered its opinion that Radio will eventually prove fatal to what little road business remains to-day. In this article Mr. Isaacson, an expert in matters of entertainment—radio and otherwise—interestingly reviews the situation.

invested in the picture industry and shared in its profits. But the old drama of the speaking voice and the rollicking varieties of the vaudeville and the musical comedies went right on, and from the figures which I have been able to gather, the legitimate theatres have increased in number with each passing year. The theatrical fraternity became enlarged to answer the call of the screen. Double duties fell to the best of the actor folk.

It is not so long ago that the phonograph became a reality and the end of concerts and operas was destined. The player piano spelled the extermination of the living artist, or at least the end of the piano student. Why should one work for a lifetime to become a pianist if the roll could do it better? Yet, I have seen a development of concert-goers because of the phonograph and player piano. I have seen more piano students because of the rolls.

Has the phonograph kept people away from the opera, concerts, theatre? No, never. Not one person has ever said, "I don't care to go to hear Caruso, because I have his records here. I don't want to see Frank Bacon in 'Lightnin'' because I've four of his records at home."

Less, far less than the phonographs can the radio ever attempt to transplant the living theatre.

Human beings will always be more interesting than their pictures or voices. I may telephone to the woman I love and listen to her voice over the wires, and I may lift her photograph and gaze tenderly upon it—but I prefer to be with her, herself.

Opera on the radio—fine! But grand opera at the theatre, much better.

Then radio is what? Something miraculous, a great hobby and superior home service, with the power to do immense good. Think of the millions who have listened to opera airs for the first time in their lives! Think of the millions who have heard speeches on intellectual subjects for the first time in their lives! By all that is true, it must be admitted that millions would not walk across the street to an operatic performance or a lecture—but when the receivers are at their ears and they have nothing else to hear for the moment—they may be too lazy to take off the durned things—so they hear. And let me tell you, if you can only make enough people hear the good things often enough, they'll begin to want the good things everywhere.

Keeping people away from the theatre? No, radio isn't doing that. It's sending them—in the long run, it's the best little booster for the new ideals and hopes of the theatrical and musical and literary world that ever came into being.

A VAST NEW AUDIENCE

JUST take a little moment to analyze things. How many people go to the theatre? On any night in New York City, with the big houses all crowded, and the neighborhood houses filled (I am referring to legitimate, vaudeville, burlesque, concert, opera, motion picture houses), over five and a half million people are not in theatres at all, but are at home, or are doing something that is keeping them occupied. In similar proportions, this applies to all big cities and secondary cities. In the small towns there are no theatres or the theatre has all it can do to take care of itself. The people who are listening to radio are not staying away from the theatre. When they want to go to the theatre they are going to it, even though the radio is buzzing away for all that it is worth. But when they do listen to the radio they are not being fully satisfied and never will be, not while human things are in existence.

For if there is romance back of the regular theatre curtain, there is very little of it on the radio stage. All the romance of the radio performance is in the miracle of the projection.

On the stage—that is in the studio room—there is nothing particularly exciting to pique the curiosity. Nothing—except the little microphone which hangs suspended from the ceiling or upon a movable stand. Otherwise, it is just a living room. Chairs, settees, a piano, phonograph. That's all.

(*Continued on page* 58)

Portrait by Angelo

ILA LOTH

The Mary Pickford of Europe's screen posed captivatingly as a Fragonard shepherdess. This beautiful young Viennese is receiving offers to come to America which may soon cause her to join the dark-eyed Negri in Hollywood.

Cappiello—A Poster Prince

A Mad Colorist from Paris Shows His Wares to Fifth Avenue

By REGINALD ARMSBY

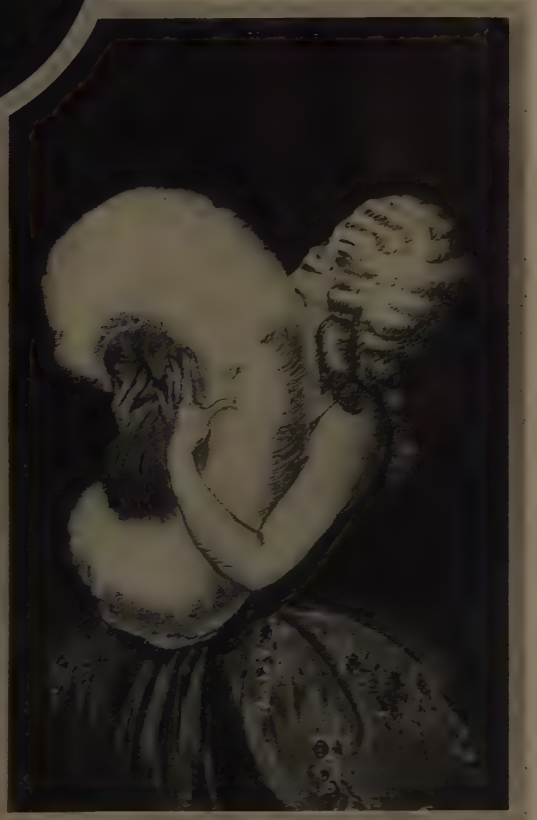
LEAPING into Parisian fame through the success of his first caricature of a personage of the theatre, Leonetto Cappiello, master of poster art, has now attained to the dignity of an American exhibition of his more remarkable productions. The caricature that made him the centre of interest on the boulevards of Paris was a biting but non-malicious cartoon of Réjane. Its incisive delineation of the actress as she appeared to the eyes of her admiring but sincere critics stamped the artist as the possessor of virile talent in the field of semi-portrait work—a talent that enabled him to make use of the human features as a means to convey his thoughts and his imaginations to the mind of the beholder even more effectively than by the written word.

His posters, recently on display at the Museum of French Art, 597 Fifth Avenue, under the direction of Elisabeth Marbury, have created something has thoughts and his imaginations to the mind of the beholder even more striking possibilities in the matter of poster advertising than this Italian-born, naturalized Frenchman. His style is all his own. Briefly, it may be said that he begins to use color where less original, or perhaps less courageous, confrères give up and turn to the sombre for relief. His posters have been termed "explosions" of polychromes. Yet, in spite of his lavish use of the brilliant and the flamboyant, he manages to convey a certain impression of simplicity and freshness which adds vastly to the effectiveness of his finished product.

A Parisian commercial poster by Cappiello that would have done nicely for Mme. Pavlowa when she did *The White Peacock*.

LEONETTO CAPPIELLO

Another commercial poster that conveys a charming idea to Mr. Ziegfeld *et al* for a powder-puff-muff.



An understanding of the "jealousy" of colors is the basis of Cappiello's remarkable success, according to an Italian critic. This insight into the psychological effects of color combinations and into the reactions in the human mind that follow the original consciousness of the flaming pictures that he presents, enables Cappiello to make sure of attaining the three purposes that he keeps in mind in every poster that he permits to be offered for display.

The three-fold purpose is first to attract the attention in compelling manner; second to hold the attention and third, to convey from the eye to the mind a message simple, logical and convincing. It is not sufficient that the picture he paints should be beautiful. He insists that it must be dynamic. He strives for and achieves the effect of figures that seem to leap from their background as if to join the pedestrian upon the pavement. The gestures of his figures are eloquent—sometimes intimate, sometimes aloof—but always with an uncanny naturalness at the same time that they are *bizarre*, to the point of the sensational.

Paris, however, accustomed to admire beauty where it finds it and scorning the acid test or dissection that might distract its attention from beauty, accepts the poster gratefully. Cappiello's warm, voluptuous, vibrating figures, startlingly vocal with their splashing riot of colors, add to the charm of the boulevardier's daily "walking." In them he finds welcome relief from gray stone, gray skies and sombre pavement. Their cry is joyous. He fancies that he hears these cries before his eye recognizes what it is that has caused the impression.

Cappiello's own formula for a poster is that "the value of an effective poster lies integrally in the rhythm of the arabesque." He looks upon his lavish employment of color combinations—orange, violet, purple, emerald, black, silver and pale rose all in one composition—as merely a means to an end. His splashes of brilliant tints serve as the outcry to attract attention—for the poster that does not seize and hold the eye is worthless.

1. Helena Glory (*Kathlene MacDonell*), visits her father's island factory where (time: the future) six men of science are engaged in turning out quantities of Rossum's Universal Robots, mechanical men and women designed solely to lift the burden of labor from the human race. Helena conceives a secret desire to uplift the Robots. She remonstrates with the directors at the callous creation but holds her small audience not so much by her logic as her charm. All wish to marry her. Harry Domin, head of the factory (*Basil Sydney*), anticipates his fellows and wins her. Helena remains, the only human woman on the isle.

2. (*In oval*) Ten years later. Steady manufacture of Robots has resulted in their vastly outnumbering man. Through Helena's influence, one of the staff has been gradually adding to the formula the ingredients of "soul." Radius (*John Rutherford*), a prized product and Helena's protegé, has proven unruly and rebellious. He is ordered to the stamping mill for destruction, but Helena intervenes. Examined, he is found to have strange symptoms in his in'ards. Helena is so aghast at this phenomenon that she burns the formula.

3. (*Above*) The more complex Robots lead a world revolt and issue a manifesto that since humans do no work, they shall be extinguished. Having held the staff prisoners in Helena's quarters for hours, they close slowly in and kill the lot, excepting only old Allquist (*Louis Calvert*), known as the Builder. Radius' voice stays the Robots' knives: "Let him live!" Robots: "He is a human." Radius: "He works with his hands."

4. The Builder, now the last man alive, and a hater of progress and lover of labor all his days, is ordered to reassemble the lost formula, which he fails to do. He prays: "If there are to be no human beings, let there at least be Robots, at least the *shadow* of man on the earth." While he lies apparently asleep, two super-Robots, Primus (*John Roche*) and Helena (*Mary Hone*), enter and exhibit unmistakable possession of human love traits. The Builder is convinced that the propagation of Robots will take care of itself!

Pictures by Bruguiere

THE NEW PLAY

The Guild Season Starts with R. U. R., *A Melo-Satirical Thriller*

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

The Texas Nightingale

A new comedy by Zoe Akins, produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre on November 20th, with the following cast:

Kitty Mulberry, Lizzie McCall; Steven Tillerton, Cyril Keightly; Walter Prescott, Perce Benton; Brasa Canava, Jobyna Howland; Raymond Tillerton, Percy Helton; Inez, Beth Varden; Sascha Bloch, Georges Renavent; Count Houdonyi-Bloch, Paul Porcasi.

THE Texas Nightingale is a shrill bird, but there is some tune to its melody. There might also be more reason to its rhyme if the title *Greatness* had been retained and allowed to serve as a general motif-cue to the most ingenious and least sentimental play Zoe Akins has produced. Hardness predominates and, while there is an effort at the melo-tearful occasionally, it will not down. At its softest, *The Texas Nightingale* is sheer adamant. All of which, however, does not interfere with its being an amusing piece, notable for its investiture of another study in temperament, a great and gay whirlwind of a woman who dives and sings her way through life, leaving husbands, sons and other humans near her rising behind her like the dust about a limousine.

The Della Robbia introduced by Gilda Varesi some few seasons back is an Italian sister of this blonde Texan Brunnhilde. There is more subtlety and sense in the Robbia, but on the other hand, there is more humor and pathos in the Brasa Canava that has been drawn generously in oils by Miss Akins. This new play is keen, sharp and entertaining. Also it leaves one feeling that life is nonsense and most people fools. And that only Beauty matters. Which is probably the Akinsian creed.

Jobyna Howland, for whom this parlor suite of a comedy was decorated, is half equal to the rôle. She achieves its hardness notably. Its pathos she attempts to corral with trick behavior and a trick voice, both of which are at once amusing and fatal to truth. I do not find understanding of the part in the way Miss Howland handles it nor a sincerity that goes beyond a desire to be found striking. I do not feel her to be thinking or to be listening. Art on the stage just begins with the acquisition of those inestimable talents.

Percy Helton is unusually capable as an erotic youth—son of the great singer, Canava — who calls her "Ducky" and writes priceless poetry that no one will read. He is Miss Akins' leading and most gifted mouthpiece.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

THE AWFUL TRUTH: A charming light comedy. With Ina Claire and Bruce McRae at their excellent best.

HAMLET: The most noteworthy Shakespearean production of recent years—with John Barrymore.

LOYALTIES: A capital play in all respects—fine drama finely acted—not to be missed.

RAIN: An unusual melodrama splendidly done by Jeanne Eagels and a really unusual cast.

R. U. R.: A terrifying fantasy on the Frankenstein motif—full of rare satire.

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR: An extraordinary satirical piece for authentic high-brows.

The production is in the customary Frohman manner, which means perfect. I suspect David Burton of having done an unusually fine job with its direction—both in the matter of acting —and in the matter of rendering a brassy script more pliable.

The Lucky One

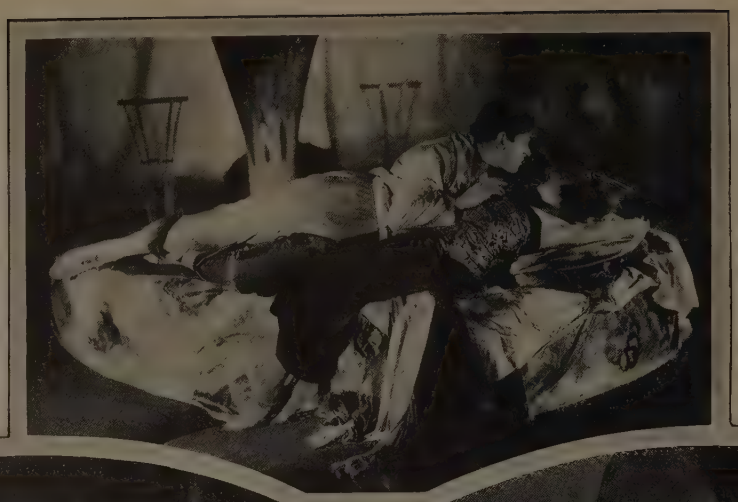
A Comedy by A. A. Milne, produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre on November 20th, with the following cast:

Tommy Todd, Romney Brent; Henry Wentworth, Harry Ashford; Gerald Farringdon, Dennis King; Miss Farringdon, Helen Westley; Letty Herbert, Gwynedd Vernon; Lady Farringdon, Grace Elliston; Sir James Farringdon, Robert Ayrton; Pamela Carey, Violet Heming; Bob Farringdon, Percy Waram; Mason, Nannie Griffen.

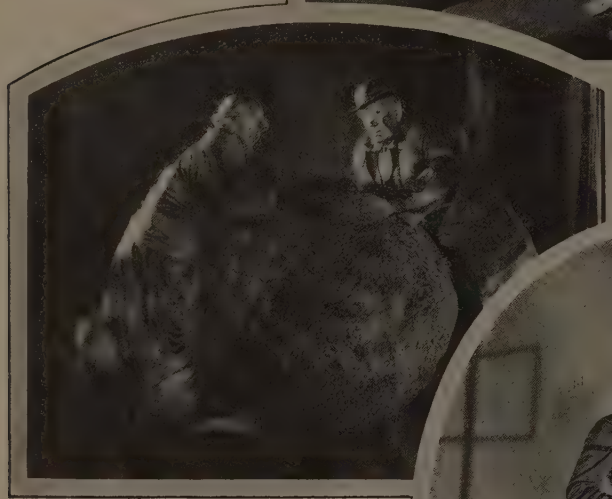
ONE is properly suspicious of production in large quantities. Mr. Milne must expect to receive an examination of his wares that, while increasingly friendly and hopeful, necessarily takes on a certain skepticism. And likewise one casts a quizzical eye at literary jobs turned out so fast as to suggest downright labor. There is much that is labored in *The Lucky One*. The piece is a job-lot of scenes wrenched out of a Milne note-book and fastened together without much thought to the general picture. Some of those scenes happen to be remarkably good, notably one in the last act during which two brothers who have hated each other for several years blurt out the truth. But always collapse follows and an unnecessary character or so is pulled forth and made to be whimsical. It is not good playwriting, nor even fair play-writing, and, as I say, suggests haste and perhaps indifference.

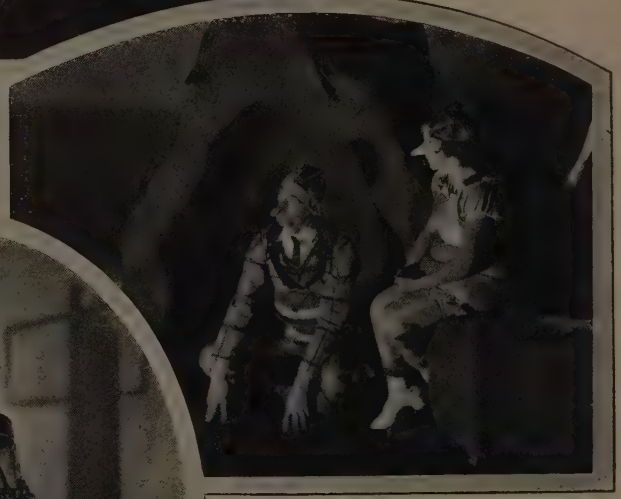
The production is interesting largely by reason of its being the first to be done for the Guild by the newly-arrived Russian director, Theodore Komisarjevsky. Apart from the casting, which was unusually poor for a Guild undertaking, the direction had the stamp of distinct achievement. There was a warmth of treatment and method and a generosity of feeling that betokened something very real to come when Mr. Komisarjevsky (this name's going to cost me my best compositor yet!) gets his hands on a real and life-like script. The Simonson settings were perfect. But there was not a performance in all the long cast worth mentioning, except that of one of the brothers by Percy Waram and a quite useless old lady by Helen Westley. The other brother, supposed to be a charming lad —so utterly charming as to be the hopeless favorite of every man, woman or child who laid eyes on him—was a terrible undertaking for any actor. Dennis King did as well as could be expected.

This play by the Czecho-Slovakian brothers Capek tells its tale in the manner of Aesop. The insects crawling and flittering among the grass-blades are shown as characters who live an existence as dramatic as our own. To the right are the sex-mad butterflies (Felix, the poet, *Kenneth MacKenna* and Apatura Clythia, a vampire, *Lola Adler*) frittering away their brief hour in dreams of lust.



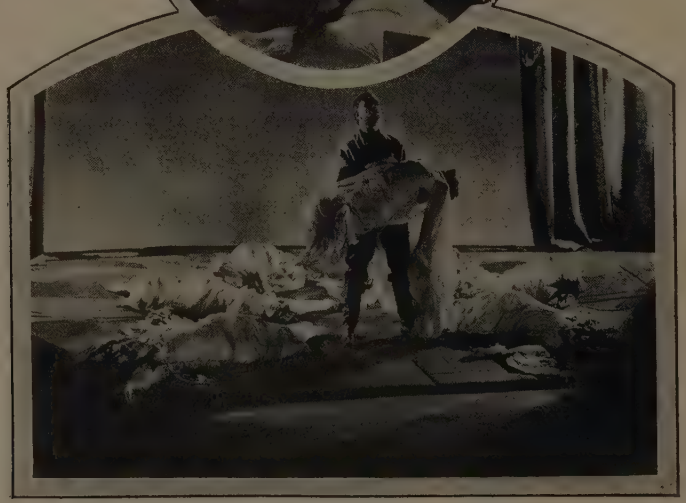
Below are the Ichneumon flies (the father, *Edgar Norton*, the she Larva, *Grace Dougherty*), murderous marauders who kill weaker creatures who come nigh not because they need food, but merely for the sadist joy of slaughter and blood-sucking. They are lying in wait for a happy young pair of crickets recently wed and chirping their connubial joy in ignorance of the death that is to claim them.





Above, the beetles (*Scott Cooper* and *Jane Corcoran*) crass, grubbing creatures intent merely on making and keeping a useless "pile" of wealth. Enviously and meanly they guard it as it grows, and go mad when it is stolen from them.

To the left, the Supreme Dictator of the Black Ants in war attire (*John Ward.*) He spurs his armies on to carnage, destruction and defeat in his war with the Yellow Ants over a quarrel involving the space between two blades of grass.



Disheartened by the stupidities, abominalities and futilities of life as manifested in the mirror of insect existence, the vagrant —the human who has been privileged to witness the tragedy (*Robert Edeson*)—dies with the moths that have danced madly about him for one brief moment.

THE NEW PLAY

Insects Are the Characters of "The World We Live In"

Hamlet

Shakespeare's tragedy produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Sam H. Harris Theatre on November 16th, with the following in the cast:

Horatio, Frederick Lewis; Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, John Barrymore; Claudius, Tyrone Power; Gertrude, Blanche Yurka; Polonius, John S. O'Brien; Laertes, Sidney Mather; Ophelia, Rosalind Fuller; Rosencrantz, Paul Huber; Guildenstern, Lawrence Cecil; First Player, Lark Taylor; First Grave Digger, Whitford Kane.

A THRILLING adventure in the theatre is finding *Hamlet* anew. When through years of bombastic mouthings of the immortal rôle one's interest in the play frets and lags and even comes to die, it is startling to be confronted—somewhat unexpectedly be it said—by a performance of the troubled Prince alive with virility and genius. John Barrymore's is such. This graduate of farces carries a pungency and intelligence into his portrayal unequalled by any of the many professional tragedians of recent years. His is a great, beautiful and rare Hamlet. An understandable, coherent Hamlet. Shakespeare's very own Hamlet. The American theatre may properly be proud of an actor capable of such lofty doings.

It is notably in the soliloquies that Mr. Barrymore asserts his independent, unharrassed conception of the part. For there, alone and free of conventional readings by divers other members of the cast, he is most at liberty to woo his audience with an easy, thoughtful, communicative investigation into the singing lines with which the Bard's greatest hero contemplates the ills of all lives and his in particular. The school of recitation dies hard with Barrymore, the "Shakespearean reader" perishes a swift and welcome death. Barrymore's mind is on two things—the thought of what he is saying and the imperative necessity of conveying that thought clearly to his listener. This is a fine creed for any actor in any rôle. To have done with the usual concern of whether one's profile is at the proper tragic angle or one's voice is at the proper melo-conventional pitch is a brilliant achievement.

In addition to his soliloquies, Barrymore is in high form in the closet scene in which he is notably assisted by the Queen of Blanche Yurka, who of the entire cast most plays in key with Barrymore. Other interpretations are somewhat overly in the usual manner, except for the droll Polonius of John S. O'Brien. The lyrical Ophelia of Rosalind Fuller, last heard of in the revue world, lacked depth.

The settings by Robert Edmond Jones were effective, though at times rather painfully cramped. They were splendidly assisted by extraordinarily good lighting.

To Mr. Hopkins a word of gratitude for his noble venture. Here is the theatre at its most moving, its most inspirational. A genius is made to live again—very tangibly and really. I trust and believe the public will not return him to his grave too soon.

The Love Child

A drama by Henry Bataille, adapted by Martin Brown, and produced by A. H. Woods, in collaboration with Charles Wagner at the Cohan Theatre on November 14th, with the following cast:

Marie, Grace Kennard; Barry, Harry Gibbs; Laura Thorne, Janet Beecher; Eugene Thorne, Sidney Blackmer; Aline De Mar, Vivienne Osborne; Gaby Mulligan, Eleanor Williams; Reina Clive, Lolita Robertson; Kitty Lansing, Geneva Harrison; Paul Brander, Lee Baker; Helen Brander, Juliette Crosby; Noto, Edward Colebrook.

A SINGULARLY typical drama of the boulevards is *L'Enfant de l'Amour*, third or fourth in importance of the Bataille group. Which means that, though underlined with a grain of very human and very real drama, its general treatment is theatric and mechanical. As Bataille—and several of his confrères—handled this type of melodrama, its effect was frequently plausible and satisfying. This is especially true when, as was usually the case, its principal rôle was enacted by some star of the first magnitude in the Parisian heavens. Martin Brown, by slicing here and changing there, by shifting the locale from Paris to some un-named but unmistakably American community, by "jazzing the piece up" with the introduction of a few "gold diggers" and their elegant conversation and jests, and finally, by endeavoring to spread the butter made for the great Réjane thin enough to serve both Janet Beecher and Sidney Blackmer, has achieved a somewhat thin and unreal play. If they are worth doing at all, these French quasi-masterpieces, they are worth doing with some pretense of retaining the spirit and flavor and manner of the original. Otherwise, the result becomes a bastard piece, neither French nor American, reflective of the life and philosophies and drama of no one group of humans.

There is a quantity of material in *The Love Child* which may still help with the matinee-brigade. There is the illegitimate son, deprived all his life of the love of his mother, due to her having had for seventeen years a lover who has demanded all her attention. There is the sacrifice the boy is ready to make for her when suddenly the lover tires and leaves her and she needs the aid of the boy to regain him. There are a number of capital scenes that draw on one's tear ducts—and these are played softly and capably by the handsome Sidney Blackmer. Miss Beecher, as the mistress-mother, gives a consistent, intelligent performance of a part that has been sorely wrenched since Rejane helped herself to new fame with it in Paris.

The production is excellent and several smaller parts are well handled, notably by Vivienne Osborne and Juliette Crosby.

Hospitality

A new play by Leon Cunningham, produced by the Equity Players at the 48th Street Theatre on November 13th, with the following cast:

Jennie Wells, Louise Closser Hale; Peter Wells, Tom Powers; Melena Wells, Harriet Woodruff; Auntie May, Pearl Sindelar; Ruthie, Margaret Borough; Muriel Humphrey, Phyllis Povah; Mr. Wicker, Claude Cooper; Clyde Thompson, Stuart Sage.

THE recently formed Equity Players more than atone for the initial blunder of their début in *Malvaloca* with this new and interesting American script by a comparatively unknown American writer. *Hospitality* hesitates at times, drags and flounders at others, but there is a rugged substance to it that suggests remotely the *Ambush* of Arthur Richman and, even more important, suggests the latent power, imagination, and possibilities of its creator. The production is excellent, and the performance by Louise Closser Hale, in the rôle of a tart old mother, one of the fine achievements of the season.

The play deals with a phase of life that has been long absent from the boards. We have not seen the boarding-housekeeper in a dog's age! We almost had come to think she was extinct! But here she is again in *Hospitality*, sour as ever and struggling desperately to restrain her emotions from showing. This time it is a son—a studious lad who has gone off to college on his mother's hard earnings—and who despite her material assistance fails to feel her love for him. As a result, he marries a girl with raise it into the lap of popular favor

Sketches by Robert Edmond Jones

Arthur Hopkins's hired man, the indefatigable Robert Edmond Jones has, of course, done the settings for the Hopkins' production of *Hamlet*, in which John Barrymore has helped himself to a liberal slice of fame. Mr. Jones has devised a major motif, not unlike the castle wall for his settings of Richard III, which with the aid of curtains, lights and auxiliary backings, serves to decorate the entire play. It is a vast arch and doorway with walls and deep steps running toward the audience as seen above.

The moments of the play illustrated in these sketches by Mr. Jones are (*above*) Ophelia's mad farewell in the last act and (*at left*) the closet scene between Hamlet and the Queen. Curtains have been drawn across the arch and a tall screen hung with draperies serves as a transient background. The Ghost is represented by a striking green light seen to be issuing from stage right.

THE NEW PLAY

John Barrymore's Magnificent Hamlet Played in a Jones Setting

whom he is ill-mated and to whom his mother objects. The play resolves itself into a question of the mother's insinuating herself so into their lives as to make apparent to both of them that they are not in love and should separate. There is a grimness and sternness about Miss Hale's performance as the mother which renders the character a singularly true and interesting one. Tom Powers as the boy does not do much more than flit over the possibilities of the part.

The balance of the cast is admirable, notably Claude Cooper as a small-town lover good-for-nothing; Phyllis Povah as the wife and Margaret Borough as the girl the boy was to have married but forgot. Mr. Duncan has done finely with his direction of the piece.

Six Characters In Search Of An Author

A comedy by Luigi Pirandello, translated from the Italian by Edward Storer, produced at The Princess Theatre by Brock Pemberton on October 30th, with the following in the cast:

The Father, Moffat Johnston; The Mother, Margaret Wycherly; The Step-Daughter, Florence Eldridge; The Son, Dwight Frye; The Boy, Ashley Buck; The Little Girl, Constance Dunlay; The Manager, Ernest Cossart.

AN extraordinary piece with a brilliant idea is this first of the Pirandello plays to be seen in America. It comes nearer to being genuine novelty than any other play of the season. This "comedy in the making," as Pirandello himself describes his play, unfolds as a domestic tragedy brought into the theatre by the participants who wish to dispose of the drama in their lives to the management. These six characters—all members of one family who become embroiled in a situation of passion—enact their story before the director and his players. The latter then endeavor to re-enact the drama as it *should* be done, much to the disgust of the six characters, who, having actually lived the experience, feel better qualified to perform it.

The result is an odd experience in the theatre, and distinctly something to be seen by the intelligent lover of the theatre's progress and possibilities. It is a rare and often amusing satire, destructive, of course, of any illusion of reality, but nevertheless absorbing.

The play has been capitally produced by Brock Pemberton and is finely acted by a large cast. I should have enjoyed Moffat Johnston's Father more had he taken his long speeches more quietly. A steady and unrelieved roaring dulls the ear-drums and finally the wits. And one needs all one's wits for the play at hand. Florence Eldridge is excellent as the daughter. Here is a good young actress who gets better steadily. She has fire, intelligence and a personality. But she must survive a tendency to seem sulky when she would seem mad.

The World We Live In

A comedy of insects by Josef and Karel Capek, adapted by Owen Davis and produced at the Jolson Theatre by William A. Brady on October 31st, with the following in the cast:

The Vagrant, Robert Edeson; Apatura Iris, Beatrice Maude; Apatura Clythia, Lola Adler; Felix, Kenneth MacKenna; Victor, Renford Kendrick; Otakar, Etienne Girardot; Chrysalis, Mary Blair; Male Beetle, Scott Cooper; Female Beetle, Jane Corcoran; Another Male Beetle, Paul Irving; Ichneumon Fly, Edgar Norton; Its Larva, Grace Dougherty; Male Cricket, Vinton Freedley; Female Cricket, Jill Middleton; Parasite, Jasper Deeter; Blind Ant, Paul Irving; Dictator, John Ward; Head of General Staff, N. St. Clair Hales.

ANOTHER novelty. Though this one not quite so novel as the Pirandello piece. There is nothing new about animal and insect characters in play and story. And there is nothing notably new in the ideas projected by the Brothers Capek in this well-mounted spectacle of insect life. Aesop and many others have sought to prove human virtues and frailties by means of non-human creatures. That man is lusty, avaricious and murderous is nothing new. The newspapers are too evident on the subject to need its emphasis by satire. That war is a great stupidity is too patent for me to be much interested in a long act during which two armies of ants are made to prove the point by slaughtering each other over a quarrel which involves the path between two blades of grass.

It is this sort of thing that *The World We Live In* devotes itself to. There is no story, no cohesion of idea apart from that of the silliness of Man, his baseness and his all-the-restness. There is not one decent insect in the play—so we are expected to conclude, I suppose, that there are no decent humans or decent human traits, either. Were such the case I'd be willing to suffer at once the death the only mortal in the play comes to die. The Capeks must have been in a desperately low and suicidal mood when they wrote their insect comedy. Just jilted, perhaps—who knows. At any rate, I deem their comedy gloomy and for the most part tedious stuff.

Mr. Brady has done a beautiful job with its mounting.

Seventh Heaven

A comedy drama by Austin Strong, produced by John Golden at the Booth Theatre, October 30th, with the following cast:

Boul', Hubert Druce; The Rat, Fred Holloway; Arlette, Beatrice Noyes; Maximillian Gobin, Alfred Kappeler; Nana, Marion Kerby; Recan, Bernard Thornton; Diane, Helen Menken; Brissac, Frank Morgan; Blonde, Richard Carlyle; Pere Chevillon, William Post; Sergeant of Police, John Clements; Uncle Georges, Harry Forsman; Aunt Valentine, Isabel West; Chico, George Gaul; Lamplighter, Lionel Joseph.

A REVELATION in actresses has been brought about by this formula-created piece by one of the well-tried Golden play-makers. If there is a finer young actress in America than Helen Menken I have not seen her to date. The exquisite pathetic quality of the young Duse, the latent power and intelligence of the young Bernhardt ride high on the talents of this astonishing young girl who, thus far, has been doing pot-boiler melodrama in vague places. Mr. Strong's play gives her ample opportunity to display every side of her rich endowment. An evening spent with her in the theatre is twice repaid. Here is acting. Don't shout. You will want to, but that sort of thing is permitted only in Italy and on Broadway first nights and you're likely to be ejected by the ushers.

The play is pleasant tinsel. The story of a Parisian gutter-waif who comes to be loved by a gallant sweep. The two find happiness in their attic heaven until the war tears them apart, leaving Diane to the machinations of a villainous sister whom, with her new sense of strength and liberty, Diane soundly beats with a whip. The conventional war-return fills a tear-soaked last act. But no one cares much what it is all about. One is happy merely to be living for a while with this intense, very real little waif who remains faithful to the man she loves and whose spirit speaks to her every morning at eleven o'clock.

George Gaul is pleasant but posy as the street-cleaner lover. The production is generally excellent.

1. Arthur McHugh (*William Courtleigh*), a theatrical manager leases the old Woodford Theatre which has been closed up during the several years that have passed since the murder of its former owner, the actor-manager, Thomas Woodford. McHugh is resolved to revive there a play called *The Snare*, the great success Woodford was playing at the time of his strange, unexplained death. The company is assembled for a reading of the manuscript by the director, Richard Quaile (*Charles Trowbridge*).

2. (*Below*) The reading of the mannuscript is scarcely begun before terrifying manifestations begin which make it seem that the dead Woodford—whose spirit lingers in his playhouse—opposes vehemently the production of his old success. The room becomes filled with a fearful smoke, heavy with the odor of the unusual scent Woodford used during his life. The doors are locked and the players are imprisoned in the thickening, stifling haze.

3. Later, during rehearsals on the bare stage of the Woodford Theatre, psychic manifestations become so numerous and terrifying that McHugh resolves to break into the barred-up dressing room of the dead actor-manager. He does so against the protests of Quaile and the leading woman, Dolly Lymken (*Ann Mason*).

4. (*Lower left corner*) Murder and more mystery follow in the wake of investigation. The vigorous ghost of old Woodford makes his protest against poaching consistently and perseveringly. Members of the company are found dead or stupified. But still McHugh holds out determined, to the bitter end, to produce *The Snare*.

5. (*Below*) *The Snare* finally reaches production. The play is a costume-drama of the early 18th Century and through its mock-troubles are weaved enough real ones to keep an audience on tenter hooks. The audience, by the by, helps liberally to supply color.

THE NEW PLAY

"The Last Warning" A Last Word in Melodramas

Rain

A new play by John Colton and Clemence Randolph, founded on a short story by W. Somerset Maugham, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Maxine Elliott Theatre on November 7th, with the following cast:

Natives, Oka Bunda, Llano Paulo; Ameena, Emma Willcox; Private Griggs, U. S. M. C., Kent Thurber; Corporal Hodgeson, U. S. M. C., Harold Healy; Sergeant O'Hara, U. S. M. C., Robert Elliott; Joe Horn, Rapley Holmes; Dr. McPhail, Fritz Williams; Mrs. McPhail, Shirley King; Mrs. Davidson, Catharine Brooke; Quartermaster Bates, Harry Quealy; Sadie Thompson, Jeanne Eagels; Rev. Davidson, Robert Kelly.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM may have gone to the Orient to write a play about the Orient and written a pretty poor one, but at least, en route, he concocted a slight opus in prose which served to act as inspiration for a play which atones twice over for *East of Suez*. *Rain*, taken from a story which appeared not long ago in "*The Smart Set*" with the title "Miss Thompson," heads the list of the season's melodramas. It is a vivid, real and absorbing tale of a pretty harlot who tries to take her wares from San Francisco to the South Seas and is thwarted by a fervent missionary who seeks to save her soul for God and her body for himself. That he is not aware of the latter impulse makes for the strength and poignant interest of this unusual play.

The play's title is derived from the seasonal downpours that hold a small party of travellers under the shelter of a wretched native hotel in the Port of Pago Pago for several days. Be it said to the credit of realism in America that never has a wetter or more consistent downpour been seen on any stage than the one which streams upon the boards of the Maxine Elliott during the progress of the piece. It lets up occasionally—only to begin anew and more dramatically, by way of intensifying some moment of the several climaxes.

No play this season has been cast better than *Rain*. John D. Williams has outdone himself as a director in his selection of such people as Jeanne Eagels to play the frail Sadie Thompson, Catharine Brooke to be the dry, somewhat terrifying wife-for-spiritual-purposes of the roaring missionary, Davidson, splendidly done by Robert Kelly; Rapley Holmes as a white renegade who has drifted into the South Seas and keeps a hotel and a native wife, played to perfection by Emma Willcox.

Miss Eagels's performance is notably fine. There is at points a certain brittleness—hard to disassociate from the rôle itself—and a tendency to overemphasize the girl's harlotry and commonness. Her first act costume is quite impossible—to the point of being amateurish. In these days of fashion pages for women in every rag of a paper, not even a gal from a Frisco bordel would be found dead in such clothes as Miss Eagels wears. But the spirit of her playing is keen and gets into the grain of Sadie. That one does not much care whether Sadie is made to go back to the States and the jail term that awaits her or is allowed to escape to Australia and decent marriage with a marine may not be so much Miss Eagels's fault as that of the play's. I'm inclined to suspect it to be the latter's. For it generously prejudices our belief in Sadie's innate intelligence by allowing her to shift from a rip-roaring curser of the Deity and all His heavenly and earthly representatives to a demure and fanatical religionist—over-night. Such things may happen. But one's natural tendency is to watch for some explaining transition—and if one fails to find it one may perhaps be excused for judging the character to be not quite flesh and blood.

But all in all, *Rain* is one of those rare pieces—like *Loyalties*—that will interest everybody. The plain story of the girl and her troubles is of a popular variety—and treated incidentally by the introduction of a love situation between Sadie and a marine sergeant that was missing in "Miss Thompson," and helps the drama inmeasurably. The psycho-analytical phase of the piece will be of immense interest to those many who have come to know in the past few years all about complexes, sublimations and dreams.

Merton of the Movies

A new comedy by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly based on the novel by Harry Leon Wilson, produced by George C. Tyler and Hugh Ford at the Cort Theatre on November 13th, with the following cast:

Merton Gill, Glenn Hunter; Amos G. Gashwiler, Edward M. Favor; Tessie Kearns, Esther Pinch; Elmer Huff, Bert Melville; Charley Harper, W. H. Seniro; Lester Montague, J. K. Murray; The Montague Girl, Florence Nash; Casting Director, Lucille Webster; Sigmund Rosenblatt, Edwin Maxwell; J. Sloane Henshaw, A. Romaine Callender; Weller, Tom Hadaway; Jeff Baird, John Webster; Harold Parmalee, Alexander Clark, Jr.; Beulah Baxter, Gladys Feldman; Muriel Mercer, Mary Elizabeth Forbes; Jimmy, Billy Janney; Eddie, Wilton Lackaye, Jr.

AN engaging, entertaining and otherwise generally excellent comedy has been spun by the capable team of Kaufman and Connelly out of the popular Satevepost serial by Harry Leon Wilson that related the sad adventure of Merton Gill. If anybody devises funnier stories than Wilson and anybody creates breezier American comedy than his present adapters I'm at a loss for their names. *Merton of the Movies* should have a long, healthy run. Not only because it is corking amusement, but because it may help to stem the high-tide of movie-bunk that, judging by the popularity of the gushier film magazines, sits on the land.

Merton Gill is a picture fan of the fanatical variety. By that I mean that he believes in goddesses and interviews, the high art of the pictures and the nobility of their makers, and is bitten incurably by the germ that makes people want to act. From a small store in Illinois he takes the road to fortune, his ideals and California. The play, as well as the book, concerns itself with the struggles he wants to have before he can possibly be capable to accord an interview to "*The Silver Screen Magazine*," and his experience as an extra on the lot. It is delightful, naive and often touching stuff. The moment when Merton, his soul set on playing great rôles of real significance, is told he has a great low comedy face is filled with an anguish unequalled by any three given Russian novels!

The cast is long and capable, the production capital and filled with an atmosphere that helps the story to success immeasurably. Hugh Ford has done an unusually good job with its staging. The youthful and quite inimitable Glenn Hunter brings a rare quality to the part of Merton. His technical skill is extraordinary—which added to a personality that includes both charm and humor, produces a very creditable young actor. There are few more likable humans to watch on the stage than this blonde youth for whom the tragic rôle of the disillusioned Merton seems to have written. Of all the several good performances those by Florence Nash as a semi-hard-boiled movie girl, Harold Parmalee as a movie idol, and Edwin Maxwell in two movie lot rôles.

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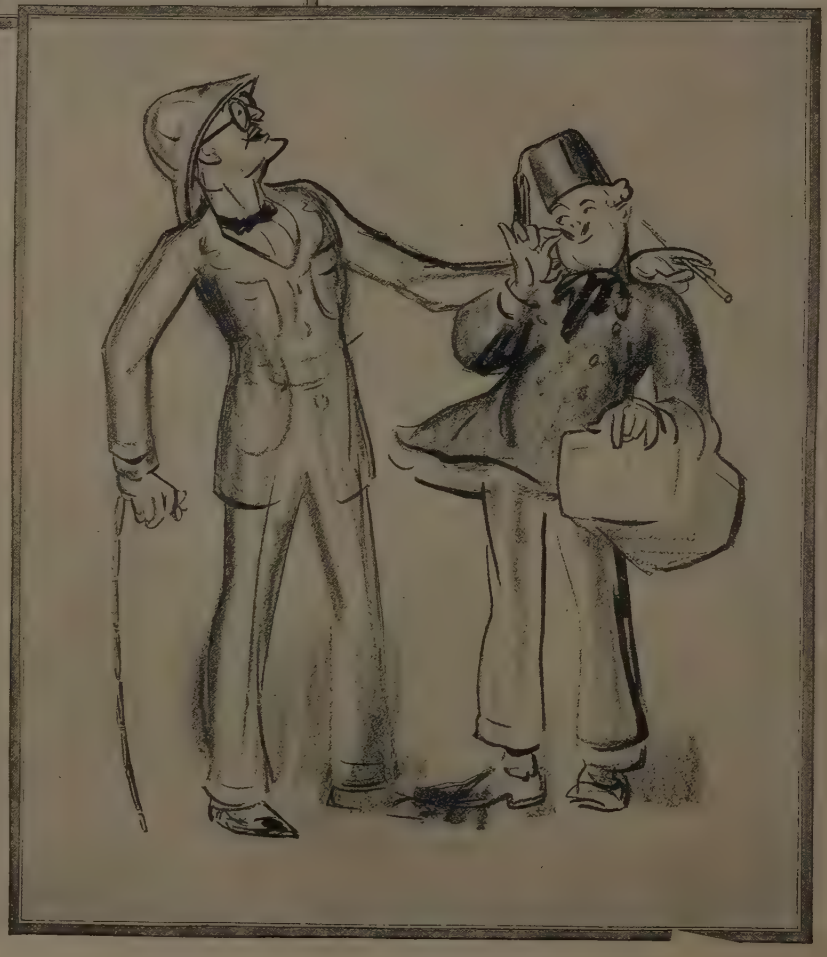
Comedy Teams That Are the "Big Four" In the World of Revue



SAVOY AND BRENNAN

Of the Greenwich Village Follies

This husky male in vampire clothes and his timid partner narrate endlessly and up-roariously the adventures of "Margie." As for instance—

BRENNAN: Is Margie married?
SAVOY: No, she's a widow.
BRENNAN: Where did she bury her husband?
SAVOY: She said his last wish was to be buried in San Francisco but Margie buried him over in Brooklyn.
BRENNAN: But she should have carried out his wish.
SAVOY: That's what his sister said. "If you don't, he's liable to come back and haunt you." I thought I'd die! Margie said, "We'll try him over in Brooklyn. If he bothers me, I will send him to 'Frisco."

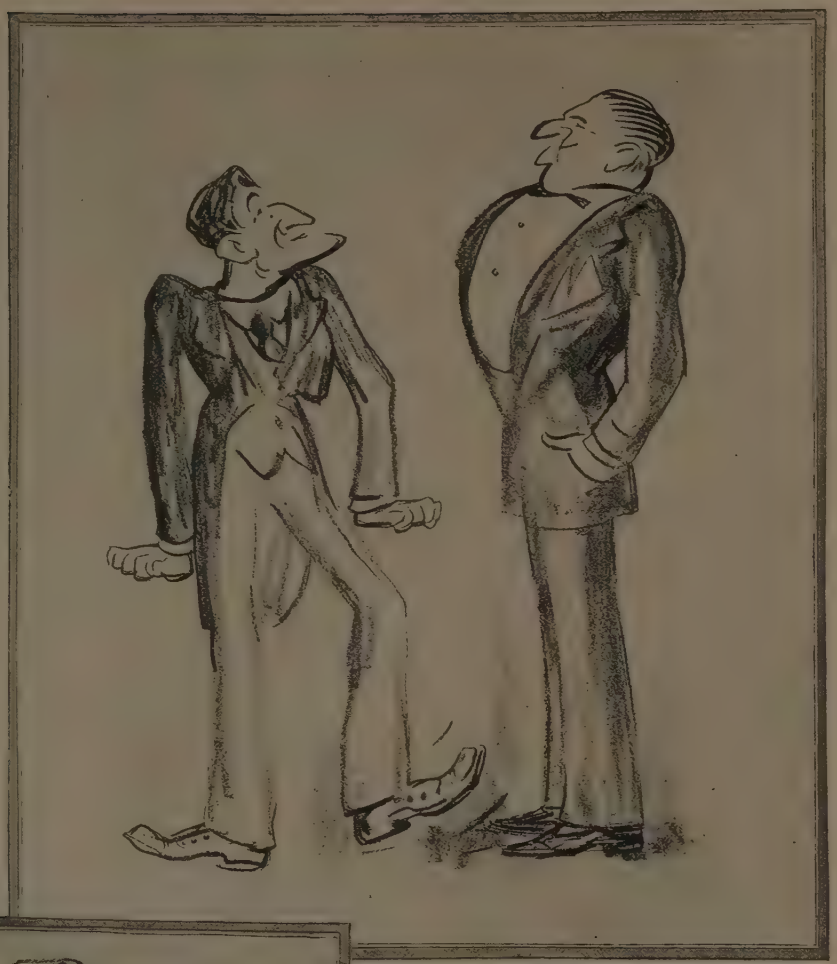
GALLAGHER AND SHEAN

Of the Ziegfeld Follies

Fame in abundance has come to this inimitable pair who sing the catchy and amusing song which bears their name. Here is a typical verse:—

Oh! Mister Gallagher—Oh! Mister Gallagher—
What's the name of that game they play on the links?
With a stick they knock the ball
Where you can't find it at all
Then the caddie walks around and thinks and thinks.
Oh! Mister Shean—Oh! Mister Shean—
You don't even know a hazard from a green,
It's become a popular game,
And you don't even know it's name,
Sure, it's croquette, Mister Gallagher.
No, lawn tennis, Mister Shean.

As Seen in Caricature by Richard Lahey



THE HOWARDS

Of the Passing Show

The greatest Hebrew comedians of them all, who annually regale the audiences of the Winter Garden with a burst of chatter in dialect which runs like this:—

EUGENE: Who's that lady I saw you with on the street?
WILLIE: That was no street; that was an alley.
WILLIE: I had a dream about you last night. If it comes true you'll never have to work again.
EUGENE: What did you dream?
WILLIE: I dreamt you were dead.
WILLIE: Stop that awful singing.
EUGENE: I can't; the tune haunts me.
WILLIE: No wonder it haunts you; you're continually murdering it.
WILLIE: My father is a Southern planter.
EUGENE: He is?
WILLIE: Yes, he's an undertaker in New Orleans.

CLARK AND McCULLOUGH

Of the Music Box Revue

Whose methods border more nearly on clowning than their *confrères* and who have been called "the funniest men alive." It is more their manner than the text that gives zest to such *bon mots* as:

McCULLOUGH: I hear you are an optimist.
CLARK: I certainly am. I even wore a straw hat in England.
McCULLOUGH: Have you ever been in Palestine?
CLARK: No, but most of my personal belongings are at present in the hands of gentlemen who hail from Palestine.
CLARK: That Senator you see over there was a dollar-a-year man during the last war. The government is still suing him for ninety cents.

Loyalties

A Drama in Three Acts by John Galsworthy

MR. GALSWORTHY'S latest sociological study, a clearing-house-for-prejudices, presents as many riddles and interpretations as life itself. Tradition, in every guise, jostles and collides with that intolerance for alien thought which is common to all of the components of society. On every page the play transcends itself as diverting entertainment and becomes stuff for the mind to bite into. The excerpts which follow are printed here through the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

(Photographs of the scenes of this play were presented in December THEATRE)

THE CAST

(As produced by Mr. Charles Dillingham at the Gaiety Theatre, September 27, 1922.)

Charles Winsor	H. G. Stoker
Lady Adela	Cathryn Young
Ferdinand De Levis	James Dale
Treisure	Henry Carvill
General Canynge	Felix Aylmer
Margaret Orme	Jeannette Sherwin
Captain Ronald Dancy, D.S.O.	Charles Quartermaine
Mabel	Diana Bourbon
Inspector Dede	Victor Tandy
Robert	Deering Wells
A Constable	Henry Morrell
Augustus Borring	Deering Wells
Lord St. Erth	Laurence Hanray
A Club Footman	Henry Morrell
Major Colford	Wilfrid Seagram
Edward Graviter	Henry Morrell
A Young Clerk	Deering Wells
Gilman	Victor Tandy
Jacob Twisden	Laurence Hanray
Ricardos	Henry Carvill

ACT One, which is in two scenes, opens on the dressing room of Charles Winsor, host to a house-party at his country place, Meldon Court, and continues later in the bedroom of Ferdinand De Levis, a guest, who is "young, rich and new." The hour is close on midnight. De Levis enters his host's room, clad in pajamas and flowered dressing-gown. He is a dark, good-looking, rather Eastern young man. His face is long and disturbed.

WINSOR: Hallo! De Levis! Anything I can do for you?

DE LEVIS: (*In a voice whose faint exoticism is broken by a vexed excitement.*) I say, I'm awfully sorry, Winsor, but I thought I'd better tell you at once. I've just had—er—rather a lot of money stolen.

WINSOR: What! (*There is something of outrage in his tone and glance, as who should say: "In MY house?"*). How do you mean, *stolen?*

DE LEVIS: I put it under my pillow and went to have a bath; when I came back it was gone.

WINSOR: Good Lord! How much?

DE LEVIS: Nearly a thousand—nine hundred and seventy, I think.

WINSOR: Phew! (*Again the faint tone of outrage, that a man should have so much money about him.*)

DE LEVIS: I sold my Rosemary filly today on the course to Kentman the bookie, and he paid me in notes.

WINSOR: What? That weed Dancy gave you in the Spring?

DE LEVIS: Yes. But I tried her pretty high the other day and she's in the Cambridge-shire. I was only out of my room a quarter of an hour, and I locked my door.

WINSOR: (*Again outraged.*) You *locked*—

DE LEVIS: (*Not seeing the fine shade.*) Yes, and had the key here. (*He taps his pocket.*) Look here! (*He holds out a pocket book.*) It's been stuffed with my shaving papers.

Since De Levis insists that he wishes the money back, Winsor is obliged to call the police and announce the robbery to various of his guests, including General Canynge, Margaret Orme and Captain Ronald Dancy and his wife, occupants of the room next to De Levis. The latter, prowling on the balcony, discovers evidence which leads him to suspect Captain Dancy, who has a flair for dangerous enterprise and is notoriously hard-up. De Levis presents to General Canynge his theory.

GENERAL CANYNGE: What!

DE LEVIS: I have intuitions, General: it's in my blood. I see the whole thing. Dancy came up, watched me into the bathroom, tried my door, slipped back into his dressing-room, saw my window was open, took that jump, sneaked the notes, filled the case up with these, wrenched the creeper there (*he points stage left*) for a blind, jumped back and slipped downstairs again. It didn't take him four minutes altogether.

CANYNGE: This is outrageous, De Levis. Dancy says he was downstairs all the time. You must either withdraw unreservedly or I must confront you with him.

DE LEVIS: If he'll return the notes and apologize I'll do nothing—except cut him in future. He gave me that filly, you know, as a hopeless weed, and he's been pretty sick ever since, that he was such a flat as not to see how good she was. Besides, he's hard up, I know.

CANYNGE: (*After a vexed turn up and down the room.*) It's mad, sir, to jump to conclusions like this.

DE LEVIS: Not so mad as the conclusion Dancy jumped to when he lighted on my balcony.

CANYNGE: Nobody could have taken this money who did not know you had it.

DE LEVIS: How do you know that he didn't?

CANYNGE: Do you know that he did?

DE LEVIS: I haven't the least doubt of it.

CANYNGE: Without any proof. This is very ugly, De Levis. I must tell Winsor.

DE LEVIS: (*Angrily.*) Tell the whole blooming lot. You think I've no feelers, but I've felt the atmosphere here, I can tell you, General. If I were in Dancy's shoes and he in mine, your tone to me would be very different.

CANYNGE: (*Suavely frigid.*) I'm not aware of using any tone, as you call it. But this is a private house, Mr. De Levis, and something is due to our host and to the *esprit de corps* that exists among gentlemen.

DE LEVIS: Since when is a thief a gentleman? Thick as thieves—a good motto, isn't it?

CANYNGE: That's enough! (*He goes to the door but stops before opening it.*) Now, look here! I have some knowledge of the world. Once an accusation like this passes beyond these walls no one can foresee the consequences. Captain Dancy is a gallant fellow, with a fine record as a soldier; and only just married. If he's as innocent as—Christ—mud will stick to him, unless the real thief is found. In the old days of swords, either you or he would not have gone out of this room alive. If you persist in this absurd accusation, you will both of you go out of this room dead in the eyes of Society: you for bringing it, he for being the object of it.

DE LEVIS: Society! Do you think I don't know that I'm only tolerated for my money? Society can't add injury to insult and have my money as well, that's all. If the notes are restored I'll keep my mouth shut; if they're not, I shan't. I'm certain I'm right. I ask nothing better than to be confronted with Dancy; but, if you prefer it, deal with him in your own way—for the sake of your *esprit de corps*.

CANYNGE: 'Pon my soul, Mr. De Levis, you go too far.

DE LEVIS: Not so far as I shall go, General Canynge, if those notes aren't given back.

Winsor returns and is told of De Levis' accusation.

WINSOR: Damn it! This is monstrous, De Levis. I've known Ronald Dancy since he was a boy.

When De Levis doggedly maintains his stand, Dancy is called and carefully questioned by the General.

CANYNGE: For Winsor's sake, Dancy, we don't want any scandal or fuss about this affair. We've tried to make the police understand that. To my mind the whole thing turns on our finding who knew that De Levis had this money. It's about that we want to consult you.

WINSOR: Kentman paid De Levis round the corner in the further paddock, he says.

De Levis turns round from the window so that he and Dancy are staring at each other.

CANYNGE: Did you hear anything that throws light, Dancy? As it was your filly originally, we thought perhaps you might.

DANCY: I—? No.

CANYNGE: Didn't hear of the sale on the course at all?

DANCY: No.

CANYNGE: Then you can't suggest anyone who could have known? Nothing else was taken, you see.

DANCY: De Levis is known to be rolling, as I am known to be stony.

CANYNGE: There are a good many people still rolling, besides Mr. De Levis, but not many people with so large a sum in their pocket-books.

DANCY: He won two races.

CHARLES WIDEMAN

A young American dancer who achieved distinct personal success with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn during their recent London venture. Some of the impetus which propelled the mask dance into vogue is felt when one looks upon the eccentric fantasies of Mr. Wideman's conception of a Javanese Lover.

Studies by Muray

DORIS NILES

More graceful and lovely than ever grow the young dancers sent East from the Golden Gate. Here is a youthful Californian, whose work alongside foreign experts as a *premiere danseuse* of the Capitol Theatre, New York, stands out bravely and well. She is seen in an Egyptian dance.

AMERICA AND THE DANCE

A Flavor of the Exotic Haunts the Recent Pirouettings of Native Soloists

De Levis: Do you suggest that I bet in ready money?
Dancy: I don't know how you bet, and I don't care.
Canynge: You can't help us, then?
Dancy: No, I can't. Anything else? (*He looks fixedly at De Levis.*)
Canynge: (*Putting his hand on Dancy's arm.*) Nothing else, thank you, Dancy.

Dancy goes. Canynge puts his hand up to his face. A moment's silence.

The police inspector departs, De Levis being restrained from speaking of his suspicion. Impatiently he strides out to the balcony.

Canynge: Winsor! Dancy's sleeve was damp.
Winsor: How d'you mean?
Canynge: Quite damp. It's been raining.
(*The two look at each other*)

De Levis is warned against spreading his accusation.

Canynge: You're a member of three clubs, you want to be a member of a fourth. No one who makes such an insinuation against a fellow guest in a country house except on absolute proof can do so without complete ostracism. Have we your word to say nothing?
De Levis: Social blackmail? H'm!
Canynge: Not at all—simple warning. If you consider it necessary in your interests to start this scandal—no matter how, we shall consider it necessary in ours to dissociate ourselves completely from one who so recklessly disregards the unwritten code.
De Levis: Do you think your code applies to me? Do you, General?
Canynge: To anyone who aspires to be a gentleman, sir.
De Levis: Ah! But you haven't known me since I was a boy.
Canynge: Make up your mind. (*A pause.*)
De Levis: I'm not a fool, General. I know perfectly well that you can get me outed.
Canynge: (*Icily.*) Well?
De Levis: (*Sullenly.*) I'll say nothing about it, unless I get more proof.

ACT II. Three weeks later, in a London club, Lord St. Erth, General Canynge, Charles Winsor and Augustus Borring, a typical clubman, are at cards when Major Colford enters, indignantly announcing that De Levis (having been recently blackballed), is making assertions against Captain Dancy. General Canynge sends for De Levis and asks that Dancy, who is in the club, be kept from leaving.

De Levis: Well, General Canynge! It's a little too strong all this—a little too strong. (*Under emotion his voice is slightly more exotic.*)
Canynge: (*Calmly.*) It is obvious, Mr. De Levis, that you and Captain Dancy can't both remain members of this Club. We ask you for an explanation before requesting one resignation or the other.
De Levis: You've let me down.
Canynge: What?
De Levis: Well, I shall tell people that you and Lord St. Erth backed me up for one Club, and asked me to resign from another.
Canynge: It's a matter of indifference to me, sir, what you tell people.
St. Erth: (*Drily.*) You seem a venomous young man.
De Levis: I'll tell you what seems to me venomous, my lord—chasing a man like a pack of hounds because he isn't your breed.
Canynge: You appear to have your breed on the brain, sir. Nobody else does, so far as I know.

It is decided to acquaint Dancy with the facts.

Dancy: (*With intense deliberation.*) I'll settle this matter with any weapons, when and where he likes.
St. Erth: (*Drily.*) It can't be settled that way—you know very well. You must take it to the Courts, unless he retracts.
Dancy: Will you retract?

Richard Lahey's impression of James Dale as the Jew, Ferdinand De Levis.

De Levis: Why did you tell General Canynge you didn't know Kentman had paid me in cash?
Dancy: Because I didn't.
De Levis: Then Kentman and Goole lied—for no reason?
Dancy: That's nothing to do with me.
De Levis: If you were downstairs all the time, as you say, why was your door first open and then shut?
Dancy: Being downstairs, how should I know? The wind, probably.
De Levis: I should like to hear what your wife says about it.
Dancy: Leave my wife alone, you damned Jew!
St. Erth: Captain Dancy!
De Levis: (*White with rage.*) Thief!
Dancy: Will you fight?
De Levis: You're very smart—dead men tell no tales. No! Bring your action, and we shall see. (*Dancy takes a step towards him, but Canynge and Winsor interpose.*)
St. Erth: That'll do, Mr. De Levis; we won't keep you. (*He looks round.*) Kindly consider your membership suspended till this matter has been threshed out.
De Levis: (*Tremulous with anger.*) Don't trouble yourselves about my membership. I resign it. (*To Dancy.*) You called me a damned Jew. My race was old when you were all savages. I am proud to be a Jew. *Au revoir*, in the Courts.

Dancy is urged to take action. He retorts that he is hard up and might prefer to look on the whole thing as beneath contempt. When he is gone his friends feel uncomfortably dubious over his innocence, but the general attitude is expressed by Major Colford:

Major Colford: No! by George! An old school-fellow, a brother officer, and a pal.
Winsor: If he did do it—
Colford: He didn't. But if he did, I'd stick to him, and see him through it, if I could. Yes, by God!

Act II. Scence II. Margaret Orme brings the news to Mabel Dancy, who has been in ignorance of the talk going on around her.
Mabel: But it's monstrous!
Margaret: Haven't you found out, Mabel, that he isn't exactly communicative? No desperate character is.
Mabel: Ronny?
Margaret: Gracious! Wives *are* at a disadvantage, especially early on. You've never hunted with him, my dear. I have. He takes more sudden decisions than any man I ever knew. He's taking one now, I'll bet.
Mabel: That beast, De Levis! I was in our room next door all the time.
Margaret: Was the door into Ronny's dressing-room open?
Mabel: I don't know: I—I think it was.
Margaret: Well, you can say so in Court, any way. Not that it matters. Wives are liars by law.

While Mabel is telephoning for Ronny, Lady Adela Winsor arrives.

Lady Adela: Meg—did you know—Ronald Dancy's coat was wet? The General happened to feel it.
Margaret: So that's why he was so silent.
Lady Adela: Yes, and after the scene in the club yesterday he went to see those bookmakers, and Goole—what a name!—is sure he told Dancy about the sale.
Margaret: (*Suddenly.*) I don't care. He's my third cousin. Don't you feel you couldn't, Adela?
Lady A.: Couldn't—what?
Margaret: Stand for De Levis against one of ourselves?
Lady A.: That's very narrow, Meg.
Margaret: Oh! I know lots of splendid Jews, and I rather liked little Ferdy; but when it comes to the point—! They all stick together; why shouldn't we? It's in the blood. Open your jugular and see if you haven't got it.
Lady A.: My dear, my great grandmother was a Jewess. I'm very proud of her.
Margaret: Inoculated.

Margaret and Lady Adela advise Mabel to consult with Jacob Twisden, their solicitor. They leave when Dancy arrives.

Dancy: Look here, Mabel! Apart from that

John N. Kelley

MARY HONE

Great grand-daughter of Commodore Perry, who, instead of heading for Bryn Mawr as planned, journeyed to England at the age of sixteen and played small parts with the Shakespeare Company. Her American debut the Robotess in *R. U. R.* who falls in love with a man-Robert, is singularly suited to her youth and charm.

White

SARA SOUTHERN

A newcomer to the Eastern stage and one who finds a most congenial medium in the rôle of the little lame girl in *The Fool*. She was introduced to the boards two years ago with the Tom Wilkes Stock Company in Los Angeles and it was there that Channing Pollock discovered her.

John N. Kelley

MARION LORD

Who has reached Broadway via the stock company route, starting in Columbus, Ohio, and doing "bits" in several New York successes before achieving her present opportunity in *The Last Warning*. Miss Lord plays Evelynda Hendon, the gay-hearted actress who keeps the company's spirits up when old Woodford's ghost walks!

Delacroix

ROBERT KELLY

(*Left*)

Who, given an unusually difficult part in *Rain*, has succeeded in making the fervent missionary, Rev. Davidson, a very real and striking personality. Mr. Kelly began his career as a singer in Chicago and entered the legitimate under the direction of James A. Herne.

JAMES KIRKWOOD

(*Right*)

An enormously popular movie star who has temporarily deserted the screen to play the title rôle in *The Fool*. His portrayal of the young curate who wishes to live in the manner of Christ is one of the impressive performances of the

White

HITS OF THE MONTH

Players Who Have Had Marked Personal Success in Recent Openings

muck—this is a ghastly tame-cat sort of life. Let's cut it and get out to Nairobi. I can scare up the money for that.

Mabel is unwilling to go and Dancy agrees to stay and fight it, promising her a run for her money. De Levis comes and Mabel sees him first alone, asking him to retract, which he declines to do.

MABEL: (*Regarding him with a look of horror—slowly.*) I think what you are doing is too horrible for words.

Dancy enters with a written apology which he asks De Levis to sign.

DE LEVIS: I tell you this is useless. I will sign nothing. The charge is true; you wouldn't be playing this game if it weren't. I'm going. You'll hardly try violence in the presence of your wife: and if you try it anywhere else—look out for yourself.

Dancy orders De Levis from the house.

MABEL: (*Turning to him suddenly.*) Ronny—you—didn't? I'd rather know.

DANCY: Ha! I thought that was coming.

MABEL: (*Covering her face.*) Oh! How horrible of me—how horrible!

DANCY: Not at all. The thing looks bad.

MABEL: (*Going to him, throwing her arms round him and looking up into his face.*) Ronny! If all the world—I'd believe in you. You know I would.

DANCY: That's all right, Mabs! That's all right. Well, what shall we do?

MABEL: Oh! Let's go to that lawyer—let's go at once!

DANCY: All right. Get your hat on.

Act III. Three months later the case is drawing to a close. The scene of the action is old Mr. Jacob Twisden's room in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Gilman, a prominent grocer, calls with information which leads Mr. Twisden to interview one Ricardos, a wine-merchant, regarding notes which he had recently passed and which bore the numbers of those stolen from De Levis' room at Meldon Court. Ricardos is pressed to explain his possession of the notes.

RICARDOS: Sare, if I give it to you, and it does 'im 'arm, what will my daughter say? This is a bad matter for me. He behaved well to her; and she is attached to him still; sometimes she is crying yet because she lost him. And now we betray him, perhaps, who knows? This is very unpleasant for me. (*Taking up the paper.*) Here it gives the number of another note—a 'undred-pound note. I 'ave that too. (*He takes a note from his breast pocket.*)

GRAVITER: How much did he give you in all?

RICARDOS: For my daughter's settlement one thousand pounds. I understand he did not wish to give a cheque because of his marriage. So I did not think anything about it being in notes, you see.

TWISDEN: When did he give you this money?

RICARDOS: The middle of Octobare last.

TWISDEN: (*Suddenly looking up.*) Mr. Ricardos, was it Captain Dancy?

RICARDOS: Sare, I trust you. It was Captain Dancy.

Ricardos is dismissed.

TWISDEN: Can you understand a gentleman—?

GRAVITER: I don't sir, sir. The war loosened "form" all over the place. I saw plenty of that myself. And some men have no moral sense. From the first I've had doubts.

Jacob Twisden feels it incumbent upon him—in good faith to the law—to give up the case, which he does next morning, advising Captain Dancy to make a break for Morocco.

TWISDEN: I don't pretend to understand, but I imagine you may have done this in a moment of reckless bravado, feeling, perhaps, that as you gave the mare to De Levis, the money was by rights as much yours as his. (*Stopping*

Richard Luhey's impression of Charles Quartermaine as the thief, Captain Dancy.

Dancy, who is about to speak, with a gesture.) To satisfy a debt of honor to this—lady; and, no doubt, to save your wife from hearing of it from the man Ricardos. Is that so?

DANCY: To the life.

While Dancy is in an adjoining office, deciding upon his course, Margaret Orme and Colford enter.

COLFORD: (*Striding forward.*) There must be some mistake about this, Mr. Twisden.

TWISDEN: Hssh! Dancy's in there. He's admitted it.

(*Voices are subdued at once*)

COLFORD: What? (*With emotion.*) If it were my own brother, I couldn't feel it more. But—damn it! What right had that fellow to chuck up the case—without letting him know, too. I came down with Dancy this morning, and he knew nothing about it.

TWISDEN: (*Coldly.*) That was unfortunately unavoidable.

COLFORD: Guilty or not, you ought to have stuck to him—it's not playing the game, Mr. Twisden.

TWISDEN: You must allow me to judge where my duty lay, in a very hard case.

COLFORD: I thought a man was safe with his solicitor.

CANYNGE: Colford, you don't understand professional etiquette.

COLFORD: No, thank God!

TWISDEN: When you have been as long in your profession as I have been in mine, Major Colford, you will know that duty to your calling outweighs duty to friend or client.

COLFORD: But I serve the Country.

TWISDEN: And I serve the Law, sir.

De Levis comes to announce that he will not prosecute, but that he has overheard the officers speaking of a warrant.

TWISDEN: We are obliged to you, sir. It was good of you to come.

DE LEVIS: (*With a sort of darting pride.*) Don't mistake me. I didn't come because I feel Christian; I am a Jew. I will take no money—not even that which was stolen. Give it to a charity. I'm proved right. And now I'm done with the damned thing. Good-morning!

Dancy goes home to his wife, before whom he places the truth. She begs him to leave the country and while he is making ready the doorbell rings.

MABEL: Through the letter-box—I can see—It's—it's police. Oh! God! . . Ronny! I can't bear it.

DANCY: Heads up, Mab! Don't show the brutes!

MABEL: Whatever happens, I'll go on loving you. If it's prison—I'll wait. Do you understand? I don't care what you did—I don't care! I'm just the same. I will be just the same when you come back to me.

DANCY: (*Slowly.*) That's not in human nature.

MABEL: It is. It's in me.

Another ring from the police and Dancy, after finally embracing Mabel, goes into the next room, asking her to hold them off. The police enter and attempt to follow Dancy. Mabel delays them until—

DANCY'S VOICE: All right! You can come in *now.*

There is the noise of a lock being turned. And almost immediately the sound of a pistol shot in the bedroom. Mabel rushes to the door, tears it open, and disappears within, followed by the Inspector, just as Margaret Orme and Colford come in from the passage, pursued by the Constable. They, too, all hurry to the bedroom door and disappear for a moment; then Colford and Margaret reappear, supporting Mabel, who faints as they lay her on the sofa. Colford takes from her hand an envelope, and tears it open.

COLFORD: It's addressed to me. (*He reads it aloud to Margaret in a low voice.*)

"Dear Colford:—This is the only decent thing I can do. It's too damned unfair to her. It's only another jump. A pistol keeps faith. Look after her. Colford—my love to her, and you."

MARGARET: (*Wildly.*) Keeps faith! We've all done that. It's not enough.

COLFORD: (*Looking down at Mabel.*) All right, old boy!

CURTAIN

Frances at the age of four.

de Strelecki

In her famous rôle of Marie-Odile

During Boston Stock Company days.

Laura Murdock in *The Easiest Way*.

Muray

Miss Starr to-day.

Juanita in *The Rose of the Rancho*.

In a character rôle with the Murray Hill Stock Company.

Dorothy in *The Case of Becky*.

Motif by Lyman Brown

In a character study with the San Francisco Alcazar.

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGES—No. 4. FRANCES STARR

Frances Grant Starr was born at Oneonta, near Albany, N. Y. She made her first appearance on the stage in Albany and later went to New York and played with stock companies at the Murray Hill Theatre. In 1903 she went to San Francisco, meeting with great success as Midge in *The Cowboy and the Lady*, and other parts. Then she returned East to play many rôles with the Proctor's 125th Street Stock Company. Her first rôle with David Belasco was as Helen Stanton in *The Music Master*. Following that have come innumerable successes always under the noted producer's direction.

THE SCREEN

CLAYTON HAMILTON'S PAGE OF MOTION-PICTURE COMMENT AND REVIEW

THERE is a general opinion at the present moment that motion pictures are progressing very rapidly; but nobody seems to know what goal, or what ideal, they are progressing toward. Their state, undoubtedly, is gracious; for merrily they roll along to the tune of that jocund chorus, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way!" It may be stated very seriously that not one of the big producing companies has any definite idea of what kind of pictures it will be making five years, or even two years, from now. Here is an industry whose monstrous magnitude its vigilant press-agents will never permit us to forget—it is now the fifth largest (or is it, possibly, the fourth largest?) industry in our entire country—yet it has no calculated prospects for the future, no concrete previsioning of any ambition which it should endeavor to fulfill. It does its daily work from hand to mouth; it looks only a few weeks, or a few months, in advance; and frequently, in an access of sudden panic, it changes its tentative plans before these plans have been completed.

The fact is evident already that, throughout the current season, costume pictures are to be predominant. But will all motion pictures be costume pictures five years, or even two years, hence? Two years ago—or even so recently as one year ago—many estimable artisans, in many famous motion picture factories, who, assuming as an axiom that motion pictures should be picturesque, pleaded for the production of costume pictures, were overruled with the, at that time, stock assertion, "Costume stuff—that's out!" Apparently, the times have changed. But will they change again? Five years from now—or even two years from now—who will be the dominant factor in the most successful motion pictures—the star, the director, or the author?

SCREEN TASTE OF THE FUTURE?

WILL the motion picture industry continue to content itself, for the most part, with the secondary task of translating into its own special terms compositions created and planned primarily by dramatists, novelists, and writers of short-stories; or will it accept the vast adventure of exploring a new region of its own and learn to extend its hospitality mainly to those peculiarly gifted authors who may be able and willing to write primarily for the screen? Will the settings for motion pictures continue to be realistic, solid, and expensive; or will they become suggestive, inexpensive, and imaginative? Five years hence—or even two years hence—will the stupid exhibitor and the uneducated salesman continue to control, by the sheer arithmetic weight of their obtuseness, the machinery by which motion pictures may, or may not, be released for the inspection of the general public?

What will be the political status of motion picture censorship five years—or even two years—hence? We are informed, quite credibly, that the motion picture is already one of the most influential media of information in our country. Shall our motion picture impresarios continue to be forced to tell lies, day by day, to seventeen million members of our rising generation, by assuring them that black is black and white is white and that there are no other colors in the universe; or shall we be allowed to educate this yearning public by admitting frankly that there are other shades and colors in the spectrum and inviting them to go home and devote some adult thought to the problems of morality?

ABSENCE OF SERIOUS CRITICISM

THE vaunted progress of motion pictures in the last few years has been mainly in the matter of technique. A recent professional preview of the current Jackie Coogan production of *Oliver Twist* was prefaced by a running of five hundred feet of a previous production of the same story—a rather notable production made ten or a dozen years ago with Marie Doro in the part of Oliver and the late Nat C. Goodwin in the part of Fagin. Nat Goodwin was a great actor, and Marie Doro has always been at least an acceptable actress; but this old film now seemed ridiculous because of its technical deficiencies. It is undeniable that the mere mechanics of making motion pictures have advanced by leaps and bounds in recent years. But, in the same period, has the subject-matter of the films advanced with equally athletic leaps and commensurably calculable bounds?

One reason—and perhaps the main reason—why the motion picture industry is wallowing about with no sure harbor in prospect is that its progress hitherto has been unaccompanied by the guiding light of criticism. Thus far—speaking broadly—there has been no serious criticism of the motion picture as an art. Millions of words are printed annually about the undertakings of the motion picture industry; but these millions of words are not critical in intention. They are written either from the point of view of the press agent or from the point of view of the reporter. Articles about the idyllic home life in Hollywood of favorite motion picture stars, accompanied by authentic photographs of their Pompeiian swimming-pools, are not contributions to the cause of criticism; and neither are articles which enumerate the precise number of tons of nails that were used in the erection of certain celebrated motion picture sets.

What Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has aptly called the Renaissance of the English Drama in the eighteen-nineties was greatly aided by the collaborative criticism of such torch-bearers as William Archer, George Bernard Shaw, and Arthur Bingham Walkley. These three men are still alive and often kicking; but not one of them, so far as I know, has ever written a critical article about a single motion picture. In our own country, the late James Gibbons Huneker was noted for the catholicity of his knowledge and the wide range of his interest; he was equally inspiring as a critic of music, drama, literature, painting, sculpture, or architecture; yet he left the critical discussion of motion pictures almost ostentatiously out of his repertory.

This fact, of course, is not at all surprising. In the evolution of any art, creation must always precede criticism, since criticism is merely an analysis of what has been created. In any advance of art, the critic is never the general in command: instead, the critic may be likened to a war-correspondent who is privileged to follow the advance and who subsequently, by virtue of his analytical and literary gifts, is better able to explain the strategy and tactics of the military undertaking and accomplishment than the commanding general himself.

TRITE AND HACKNEYED STORIES

IN the days when such men as Archer, Shaw and Walkley, or even our own Huneker, were in their prime as critics, the motion picture offered no subject-matter for serious criticism. The technique of the new craft was already intricate; but only a critic who is himself an artisan can be interested in the development of the mechanistic niceties of technique. Most critics of importance ask only two questions of any work of art: first, "Is it true?", and, second, "Is it beautiful?" Basically, of course—as Keats has taught us—these two questions, in reality, are one; but the point to be noted now is that they deal not with technique, but with subject-matter—not with method but with material.

So long as motion pictures continued to dish up the story of the rich and wicked banker who endeavored to seduce the poor but virtuous stenographer, so long as they continued to repeat the life-history of the big-chested hero of the frozen north, who dwelt amid the great open spaces where blood ran red and men were men, so long as they continued to falsify the bath-room

(*Continued on page* 54)

Again Peg (Laurette Taylor) and her impetuous Irish pup, this time in Hollywood where King Vidor directed their romp through the Hartley Manners play.

(Right). *The Hero* (Gaston Glass, god-son of Bernhardt and a star of *Humoresque*) is telling 'em back home. Gasnier directed the filming of Gilbert Emery's keen study of heroism.

Rex Ingram has re-produced his *Black Orchids*, titling it *Trifling Women*, to the fame and glory of Ramon Navarro, a new and handsome young Spanish actor.

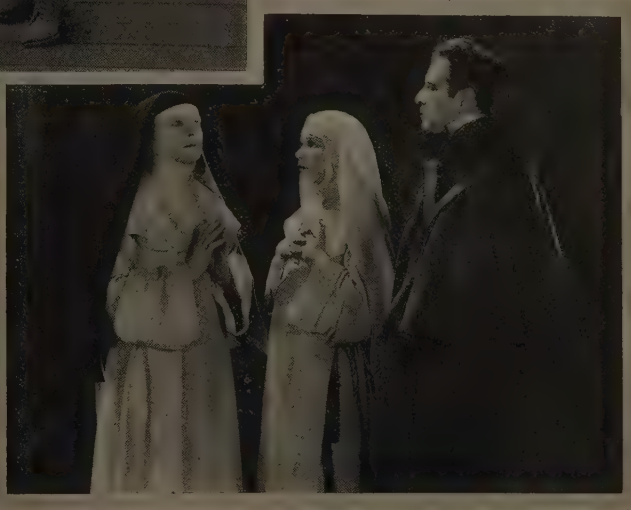
J. G. HAWKS
Head of Goldwyn's scenario staff, writer of *The Sin Flood* continuity and the man directly responsible for its production.

Evans

FRANK LLOYD
Director of *The Sin Flood*, Goldwyn's finest production, and of *Oliver Twist* and many another strong picture.

S. V. Martin

Mabel Normand's black cherry eyes and rich robes are the tantalizing confections of the Mack Sennett comedy-drama *Suzanna*. Walter McGrail is the *gallant*.

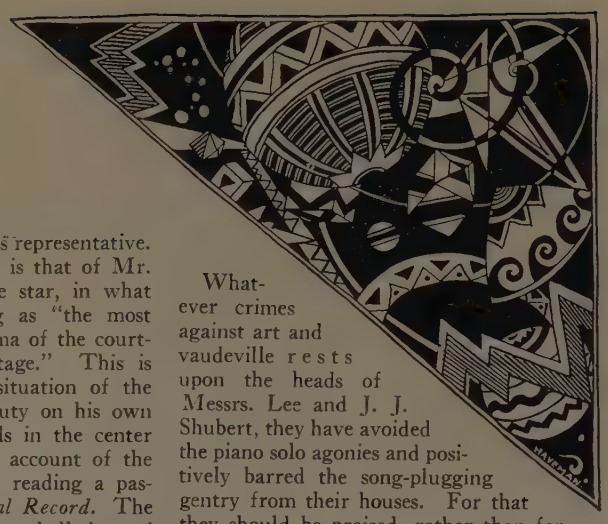


Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle in a First National adaptation of Balzac's *Duchesse De Langeais*; titled *The Eternal Flame*. Frank Lloyd directed.

A PAGE OF PICTURES

New Films That Promise to Attract Unusual Attention

THE TWO-A-DAY



BLAND JOHANESON'S REVIEW OF THE VIRTUES AND VILLAINIES OF VAUDEVILLE

A FAMILIAR lament of vaudeville performers is that there is no longer a place for them in vaudeville. A horde of usurpers has been recruited from the legitimate, the pictures, the concert halls, the circus-rings and the California dancing-farms, until there is no shelter for the outright vaudevillians on the devastated battle area save occasional benefit performances on Long Island.

Anyone who has seen the representative vaudeville of the season will find the cause conveniently close to the effect. If performers will persist in using year after year the same acts, with their antique jokes and unfashionable business, they must accept the inevitable consequences. Managers will go elsewhere to find the novelty on which a light theatre must be fed to live. The performers lose. Their rivals win. And for the millions who support the two-a-day, the game is more or less a draw.

That sounds like the rankest ingratitude toward the dramatic stars who forego their pleasant little breakfasts at the Lambs and Players to carry "art" inot the dark American back-country, but the compliment they pay the natives is rather a questionable one. "Sketches" which would shame a grammar school dramatic club are their usual vehicles, and their scenery the house "fancy interior" which already has graced the lady cornet players and the trained seals. The great stars "play down" to their audiences too obviously, which isn't only bad manners, but bad business. Even morons are not going home from the theatre satisfied with having been patronized instead of entertained.

Vaudeville patrons are treated to enough third-rate diversion, without having the best legitimate actors of the country provide more because they think it's "what the public wants." The public taste, really, was well-defined by that not-so-foolish showman, the Duke, when he told Huckleberry Finn, "What they wanted was low comedy—or something rather worse than low comedy." However, if we are to have the drama in the halls, it might just as well be good drama, properly mounted.

ARNOLD DALY'S ADVENTURE

WHEN Mr. Arnold Daly entered vaudeville this season with a naughty affair of Anatol, he was attended by a most pretentious pageant of critical eulogy. Not even "the greatest actor in America" could ask for a more intriguing scene than the private dining room of a smart restaurant. But no finicky person could watch any actor eat oysters or flirt in such a private room as that one in which Anatol received his lady. The napery was dirty, full of holes and awry. The china must have been the properties of some long defunct juggling troupe. Yet in such surroundings did lovely Miss Galina Koperrak rave about the "luxury" she was leaving when she left Anatol. Mr. Daly's carefree little adventure into the big-time is representative.

One of the newer *sorties* is that of Mr. John Davidson, the picture star, in what is described on the billing as "the most brilliant and absorbing drama of the court-room ever seen on any stage." This is the weak and hackneyed situation of the murderer called for jury-duty on his own case. Mr. Davidson stands in the center of the stage and recites an account of the murder as though he were reading a passage from the *Congressional Record*. The twelve jurors sing barroom ballads and play poker while the prisoner outside awaits the verdict. The whole production is childish, undignified and offensive. Yet this is not worse than many of the big-time vaudeville sketches.

All the money which is saved in such tawdry presentations is squandered in the dance revues now in vogue. A peculiar idea which producers recently must have absorbed from the motion pictures is that there is no sight so entertaining as thousands of dollars, hog-tied and helpless, lashing about the vaudeville stage.

"This production cost twenty-seven thousand dollars in real money," says Mr. Jimmy Lyons of Mr. George Choos' revue, "The Realm of Fantaisie," in which he appears. Such an announcement, obviously intended to paralyze the boobs, is in extremely bad taste, and so foolish. The production is lavish. Hardly a person in the house would appraise it at so low a figure. And who really cares how much a show cost, if it is a good show. This is a very good one. John Giuran and La Petite Marguerite dance in it delightfully. Mr. Russell Scott has a fine voice and sings well. "The Eight English Rockets"are perfectly drilled little ponies. Mr Lyons who chatters in One while the stage is set, carries a stick six inches too long for him, provokes all his laughs by mispronouncing words, and is totally out of tone with the production.

"Fantasia Espanola," of Elisa, Eduardo, Angel and Jose Cansino, is the perfect dancing act for big-time vaudeville. A European audience would stand up and cheer Elisa Cansino. She is handsome, slightly hysterical, and her costumes are magnificent. Spanish dancing is so much better suited to the tempo of vaudeville than all these airy interpretive things with which it has become infested. These are splendid Spanish dancers.

It is to be hoped that the dozens of "choosers" who inevitably will copy the Cansino act, will hold true to their model in this particular, the elimination of the long-suffering piano. This property martyr is pushed back and forth, back and forth, out of one act and into the next, and each time it appears you know that something, from Bach to "Mighty Lak' a Rose" will be played with chime variations by a slick young fellow in a mohair Tuxedo while the artists make their changes.

Whatever crimes against art and vaudeville rests upon the heads of Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert, they have avoided the piano solo agonies and positively barred the song-plugging gentry from their houses. For that they should be praised, rather than for the quality of their "advanced" vaudeville shows. I do not wish to add one inch of type to the miles which have been set up to define "What's the matter with Shubert vaudeville?" The theory that too much money has been spent on lavish production and too little upon performers above the second-rate level seems pretty reasonable to the patrons whose attempts to squeeze entertainment out of the dull revues which parade as advanced vaudeville are futile. The unit idea is conceded to be a big one, and a little intelligent direction would improve hundreds of recognized performers.

Consider the new act offered by Miss Sophie Tucker in "refined" vaudeville. Beneath a portrait of her mother, illuminated like those of politicians in tobacconists' windows, Miss Tucker sings a jazz number "Who'll Take Your Place When You're Gone?" No reputable director would permit such an offensive violation of good taste. Love is a touching thing, but in tin-pan tempo it is stupid bunk.

SOME WORTH-WHILE ACTS

MISS FANNY BRICE is one woman in vaudeville who can be sad without being absurd. That is because she has the sensibilities of an artist and a well-bred sense of proportion. She sings "Bon Homme" very simply and is immeasurably affecting. She savors the pathos of sublime comedy.

Miss Fanny Brice would have a place on a perfect vaudeville bill, which might be arranged and presented for the profession, to permit all performers to study the methods of the best.

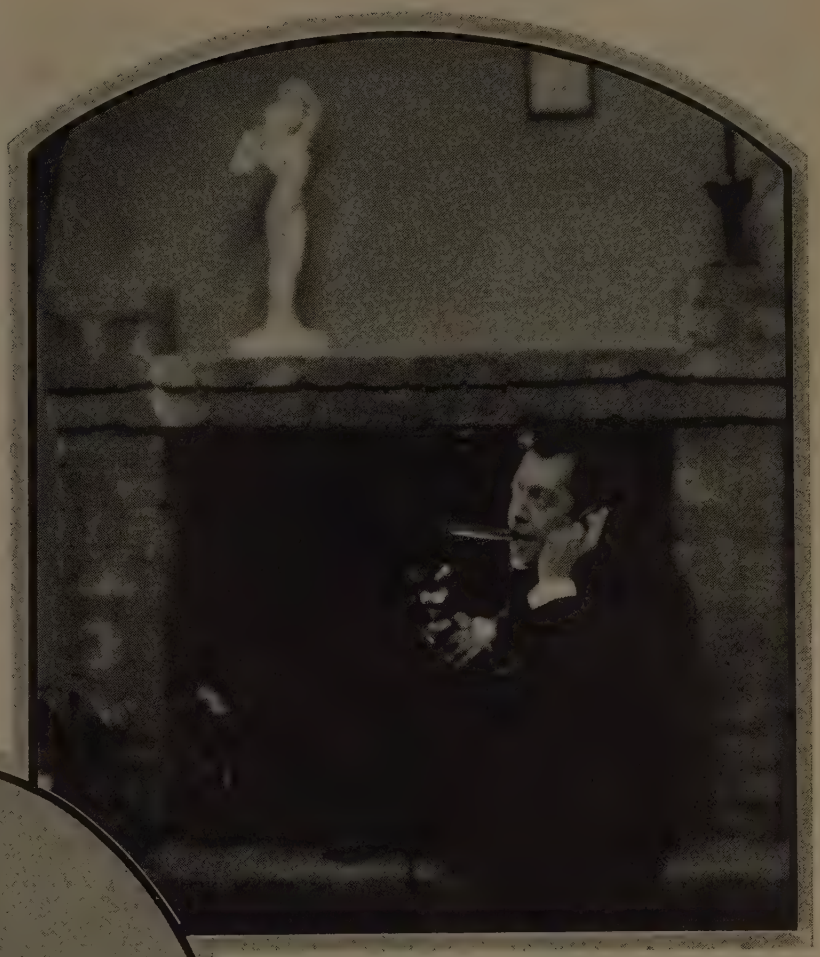
The Cevenes' "In a Paris Café" might open such a bill. They are wire-walkers and they do dance steps on the wires which are difficult and intricate on the floor. The staging of their act is original, yet entirely logical. They seem to be sitting at tables on a restaurant balcony, but the curtain reveals that they are balanced on the wires. The girls' dresses are too much like those of a burlesque soubrette to be effective. Fluffy tulles and feathers add grace and lightness to a wire-walker. I think that much of Miss Bird Millman's prestige was founded on her instinctive sense of effective costuming. The Cevenes are in her class.

(*Continued on page* 58)

White

JOHNNY BURKE

Whose amusing monologue "Drafted" has placed him in the front rank of music hall comedians.



Muray

JOE COOK

"Not the old Joe Cook, but the *old* Joe Cook" caught in the midst of one of the insanely frivolous conversations which are a feature of his remarkable burlesques.

Victor Georg

ELSIE JANIS

Who has returned to vaudeville with several new imitations of old favorites and her own inimitable dances.

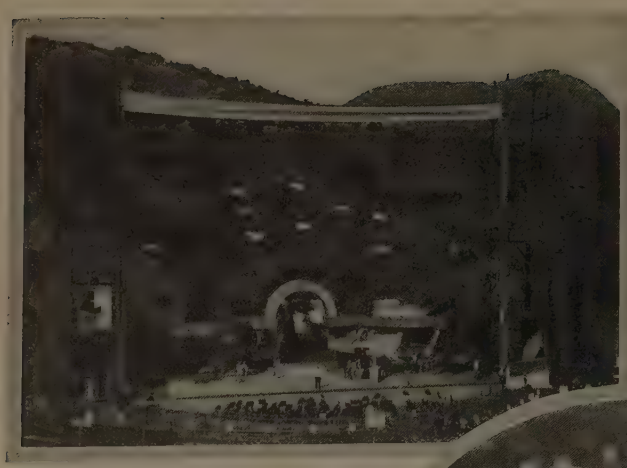
Morrall

MARION WEEKS

Soprano sister of the nimble Ada May, who is appearing with Henri Barron in a delightful little song and dance act on the big time.

IN THE VARIETY HALLS

Four Artists of the Two-a-Day Who Are Meeting Nation-Wide Approval



© Underwood & Underwood

The world's largest stage which has just been completed in a natural theatre back of Hollywood, California. Its proscenium arch is 100 feet wide and nearly as high. It will be used for spectacles.

© Underwood & Underwood

Another open air theatre is this far more ancient one on the historic hill of the Palatine, Rome. It was the scene recently of a special performance, by Italian stars, of d'Annunzio's tragedy *Fedra*.

(*Below*) Mei Lien-Fang, called the Pavlowa of China, and said to be without a peer in the classical dances. That China's principal feminine dancer should be a man is a result of it being practically prohibited for a woman to appear on the stage in that country.

Keystone

In the oval above may be seen Daniel Frohman (*right*), President of the Actors' Fund and director of its money-raising activities discussing with Major Maurice Campbell, head of the Hollywood Stadium, a few details of the recent performance of *A Mid-Summer Night's Dream* given by a hundred picture stars in Hollywood for the Fund.

A movie thriller without a rapids seems incomplete these days. Here, at Kettle Falls, Washington, are some stirring falls that have served frequently to carry a submerged hero or heroine to impending death —often with very real risk to the player as in the case with Blanche Sweet recently, when she was actually saved by a miracle.

(*Below*) Moo Sooy Yun, the leading man of an all-star troupe which recently arrived in San Francisco from China for a season of repertory. He is costumed here for the hero's part in a heart-rending and interminable piece called *A Cruel Relative*.

Keystone

EAST AND WEST

Plenty of Doings in the Wide World of Showdom

HEARD ON BROADWAY

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

PHILADELPHIA is scandalized by O'NEILL'S *Hairy Ape.* It thinks the play "too dreadful for words." The Quakers prefer *The Demi-Virgin.* By all accounts, the AVERY HOPWOOD piece is turning 'em away.

Seldom has an individual artist been so heartily cheered as was JEANNE EAGELS after her first New York performance in *Rain,* Manager Sam Harris created her a star over night. An interesting little episode happened during the play's engagement in Philadelphia. The water used in the piece, to enable it to live up to its title, is taken from a city hydrant. When it ran out into the alley-way of the theatre, it overflowed, with the result that considerable damage was done to goods stored in nearby cellars. Greater love for stage realism than this hath no man!

AT THE RODEO SHOW

SUNDAY, November 13, was a difficult night for most of the thespians in town to make up their minds just where they wanted to go. ETHEL BARRYMORE gave a professional performance at the Longacre and some special invitations were issued for the Rodeo Show at Madison Square Garden. At the Rodeo I saw HARRY K. MORTON and ZELLA RUSSELL, GEORGE GAUL, KENNETH MacKENNA, JULIUS TANNEN, MURIEL LODGE, WARBURTON GAMBLE, WALTER PRESTON, JAY GOULD, WINONA WINTER, WANDA and CAMILLA LYON, VIVIENNE SEGAL'S mother, and MARION COAKLEY. The other players went to see ETHEL BARRYMORE and a brilliant audience of stage luminaries it was!

WILDA BENNETT serves tea in her dressing room during every matinee of *The Lady in Ermine.* Have you received an invite?

J. J. SHUBERT is a wonder at rehearsals. He seems to hear and see everything, regardless of what part of the theatre he may be in. Recently, at a rehearsal of *Springtime of Youth* at the Shubert Theatre, the Sunday night before they opened he was conversing with one of the leading players in the back of the house. Suddenly, he called out, correcting a line that was being spoken on the stage. Then quite casually and calmly, he continued with the conversation.

At GERALDINE FARRAR'S auction sale, it was not the costumes of the prima donna's most famous operatic rôles: Tosca, Zaza, Carmen, that brought the highest prices, but such miscellaneous trinkets as castanets, fans, tambourines, etc. Mrs. Farrar, *mère,* sat close by the auctioneer with a forlorn look that momentarily grew sadder as her daughter's possessions went under the hammer, gone from her forever. When Farrar made up her mind to quit opera she decided to sell all she had pertaining to it.

MORRIS GEST informed me the other day that the second *Chauve Souris* closed to over twenty-two thousand dollars on the week, but BALIEFF would not continue it any longer no matter how big the gate money. The popular Russian players will leave our shores about May 1 next, but promise to return the following season.

LOST—A PETTICOAT

ON the opening night of *Springtime of Youth,* at the Broadhurst, OLGA STECK lost her petticoat in one of the numbers of the last act. Theatrical people—always noted for their superstitions—consider this a very good omen. GEORGE MACFARLANE, her leading man, was heard to exclaim: "Isn't it perfectly fine, Miss Steck's petticoat coming off? I remember the opening night of *The Beauty Spot,* at the old Herald Square Theatre, MARGUERITE CLARK kicked her slipper straight up into the balcony, and we had a year's run there!"

COHAN'S NEW COMEDY

VERA MICHELENA was chatting with CARLE CARLTON about his production of *Paradise Alley*: "How did you like the music, Miss Michelena?" inquired the director. "Very much," she answered promptly. "I can always tell, when I leave a theatre, what tunes will be popular." "What numbers did you like best?" he asked. Quickly she replied: "'*Any Old Sally*' and '*Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine.*'" "Don't you remember '*Always Look for the Rainbow?*'" he persisted. "Sort of," she said indifferently. "Why do you ask?" "Oh, no reason," he smiled, "only I wrote that number."

The electric sign in front of the New Amsterdam Theatre reads:

A. L. ERLANGER
THE YANKEE PRINCESS

GEORGE M. COHAN will produce shortly a new comedy by VINCENT LAWRENCE, author of *The Ghost Between* and *Love and Learn.* He will call it *The Little White Ball.* It was produced out of town under the title of *Weary Wives.*

BOSTON has always enjoyed the reputation of being puritanical and old-fashioned. Theatrically speaking, however, it never was, for it was always the *risqué* musical comedies, naughty farces, and off-color dramas that did the best business in the Hub. Lately, the effect of notorious publicity was shown when *Tangerine* business took a slump with JULIA SANDERSON'S front page stories, and *Sally* with MARILYN MILLER'S.

SAM HARRIS had a nervous collapse a few nights before the première of the Music Box Revue, and had to be carried out of the theatre. Mr. Harris is one of the hardest working producers we have. Not only is he President of the Managers' Producing Association and manager of two New York playhouses, but he is also responsible for some of Broadway's biggest hits: the two *Music Box Revues, Six Cylinder Love, It's a Boy, Rain, Nice People* and *Welcome Stranger.* What's more, he supervised the production of nearly all of them.

UNREHEARSED DRAMA

AN amusing incident which occurred behind the scenes of the National Theatre one night recently during the second act of *The Cat and the Canary,* was not rehearsed for the public's benefit, but the noise of it reached the audience just the same. When, during intermission, SYLVIA FIELD began to change, her evening gown proved refractory and the actress, aided by BLANCHE FRIDERICI, struggled desperately to get it off. After a prolonged tussle, the sartorial feat was accomplished, and great applause was heard out front. All of which was not the most desirable thing to happen in the middle of a tense melodrama.

WHO said melodrama's day is over? Almost every New York manager had refused to even consider another detective mystery play, when along came *The Bat,* the phenomenal success of which upset all established theories regarding what the public wants and doesn't want. From then on, writers of blood curdlers got the glad hand in every managerial office, with the result that we are now deluged with mystery plays. *The Cat and the Canary* scored another bull's eye and this was followed by *The Monster,* which also made 'em sit up. Now *The Last Warning,* at the Klaw, is putting it over, yet before the present craze for highly seasoned drama set in, every manager in town had considered the Ms and turned it down.

JAMES K. HACKETT, who is still in London resting on his laurels gained in *Macbeth* and *Othello,* is frankly homesick and casting yearning eyes in the direction of Broadway. His present ambition, as imparted to the present writer, is to return here soon and be seen as Falstaff, a rôle in which his father, JAMES HENRY HACKETT won great fame. The son's generous physique suggests that he could make up the part successfully and if there's anything in heredity he ought to be able to play it, too.

OLD FAVORITE IN AN OLD ROLE

OTIS SKINNER, after a successful season in *Blood and Sand* has thrown off the Toreador's costume, and returned to one of his favorite rôles, *Mister Antonio.*

ROBERT EDESON must feel a kind of triple stage personality wandering in Broadway theatres these nights. He is the originator of the leading rôle in each of three plays running simultaneously in New York houses. Before joining the cast of *The Insect Comedy* at the Jolson Theatre, Mr. Edeson assisted in the out-of-town premières of *On the Stairs* and *The Last Warning.*

MICHAEL MORTON, who wrote *Woman to Woman* and *The Guilty Man* for A. H. WOODS, although an American by birth, makes his permanent home in England. He owns a lovely country place at Tadworth, Surrey, where he golfs and writes plays, and a fine town house in London which, by the way, was purchased with the royalties of Colonel Newcome, a stage version of the Thackeray story which he did for Beerbohm Tree. He is a brother of MARTHA MORTON, who gave WILLIAM H. CRANE some of his best successes, and is shortly to be heard from with a new play.

EMILIE POLINI, well liked in this country, is now playing *My Lady's Dress* and *The Lie* at the King's Theatre in Melbourne, Australia. LOUIS BENNISON and BEVERLY SITGREAVES are appearing over there in *The Great Lover.* Another instructive item is that they bill GEORGE M. COHAN out there as "the idol of the American Stage!"

Talking of *My Lady's Dress,* EDWARD KNOBLOCK, the author, was seen on Broadway the other day. The dramatist lives out West and only occasionally gets to New York.

Verily, the player knows neither race, creed or color when it comes to lending a helping hand. When *Oh, Joy,* one of the numerous colored shows, stranded in Boston recently, a benefit performance was given one midnight. Every player in Boston attended, including JULIA SANDERSON, JOSEPH SANTLEY, WILLIAM COLLIER, PAT ROONEY, LOWELL SHERMAN, FRANCINE LARRIMORE, EDNA GOODRICH and FLORENCE MOORE. The receipts were substantial and a speech of gratitude was made by the leading colored comedian.

MURRAY ANDERSON ON HIS OWN

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON is soon to branch out on his own and produce a play he wrote in collaboration with the late FREDERIC ISHAM with music by AUGUSTUS BARRETT. Immediately after, he will go to Chicago and stage and supervise all the productions for BALABAN and KATZ in their five Chicago theatres. I met him between the acts of *Up She Goes,* the new musical piece Manager WILLIAM A. BRADY has successfully launched at the Playhouse.

Met MARIE DRESSLER at luncheon in the Astor Hotel. She was all enthusiasm over her eleven months' trip abroad. "I have been almost everywhere, but I have never enjoyed a trip so much as this last one. I went to London, Paris, Switzerland, the Italian Lakes, Milan, Verona, Madeira, Corsica, Venice, Rome, and Algiers. How I would love to get togther a group of American actors and play in Milan. That is one of my ambitions."

The Shuberts have secured Bernstein's new play *Judith,* which has scored at the Paris Gymnase. The play shows the Old Testament Judith in an emotional conflict between duty and her love for the man she betrays.

LIONEL ATWILL will probably appear in *The Comedian* instead of in the new play originally intended for him from the pen of GEORGE MIDDLETON.

About quarter of two in the morning of October 24th was the Time. The Rendezvous in West 45th Street was the Place. GILDA GRAY was the Girl. The event was her twenty-fifth birthday. Several Broadway luminaries were there to celebrate the occasion, notably: FRANK CROWNINSHIELD, TALLULAH BANKHEAD, MARY EATON, CONDE NAST, GIL BOAG, and ANITA LOOS.

LONDON LIKES FRANCES CARSON

FRANCES CARSON, who we saw in *The Bad Man* and *The Blue Lagoon,* has endeared herself to London audiences by her playing in *Glamour* by PETER GARLAND.

WILLIAM A. BRADY made a curtain speech on the opening night of his insect comedy at Jolson's Theatre. He spoke of a joke that for a long time was handed around at his Playhouse Theatre, that there should be a benefit given for Brady's scenery. This, he said, was his apology. And the critics were rebuked!

WESLEY MORSE has made some attractive drawings of various ZIEGFELD FOLLIES GIRLS, and they now adorn the lobby of the New Amsterdam Theatre where the *Follies* are being shown. They are fully as attractive as the Kirshner paintings that hung in the same place a few years ago.

PELL TRENTON, a rising young screen star, was limping along Broadway when he chanced to meet J. C. HUFFMAN, the stage director. "What happened to you?" queried Huffman. "I was thrown out of an automobile," replied the actor. "Ha, that's a laugh!" Huffman quickly answered. "I thought that happened only to girls."

CAROLINE LOUISE DUDLEY (MRS. LESLIE CARTER), has bought a home in Bloomfield, N. J.

WALLACE EDDINGER has expressed his desire to retire from the stage this year with his swan song, *Captain Applejack,* and enter the managerial field exclusively, although in recent years he has combined both. *Captain Applejack,* by the way, has been revived in London with CHARLES HAWTREY in his original rôle.

Speaking of *Captain Applejack,* so great was the play's success in New York, that Manager SAM HARRIS managed to buy off the six weeks' Philadelphia bookings, but was unsuccessful in canceling the Boston time. It could doubtless have finished another season right in New York.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

AMERICA is not alone in having a colored problem. The latest sensation in Paris is SACHA GUITRY'S new play, *Black and White,* which deals in a comedy vein with the birth of a black child to an erring white wife. The lady, it appears, during the absence of her husband, becomes enamoured of a famous tenor, a negro, whom she meets only in the dark. The play, judging from this bare outline, is distinctly not for the Young Person, but, no doubt, it will make a strong appeal to Greenwich Village.

BELASCO'S *Merchant of Venice* is said to be the most elaborate Shakespearean production ever seen on the American stage. More than 75 actors, 30 musicians and 42 stage hands are employed.

Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser

VIVIENNE SEGAL

Whose unusual voice has brought her to the musical comedy pinnacle. Miss Segal is starring in "The Yankee Princess," after a long and successful Broadway career in such productions as "The Blue Paradise" and "The Merry Widow."

M · U · S · I · C

Grand Opera Opens Brilliantly at the Metropolitan

Conducted by KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

(We are pleased to announce that Katharine Lane Spaeth, music critic of the EVENING MAIL, *has consented to assume charge of this department until Mr. Robert Nathan recovers from a present illness.—The Editors.)*

RUSSET and gold curtains, pleasantly faded red chairs and the swish of hurrying ladies glimmer through your memory of a first night at the Metropolitan Opera House. While even the most excited admirers of Puccini and Verdi will admit, sometimes, that opera is not the highest form of musical expression, the tuneful season does seem officially to open when the misty bronze draperies are parted on the opera-house stage.

Tosca brought back Madame Maria Jeritza on the night of November 13th, and the moon-blonde soprano from Vienna sparkled, raged and radiated more vitality than ever. She sang *Vissi d'arte* lying upon the floor, her cheek half hidden upon her arm. Her voice evidently acquired a certain resonance of wood-winds from the platform over which it glided. And she ended the hackneyed aria in a crimson velvet cushion, with no resonance at all.

But if one could choose between a Tosca who merely sang, with no dramatic intensity, and one who breathed the tempestuous intoxicating Italian diva, why Jeritza would be the people's choice. Who wouldn't exchange sheer vocal perfection for that vivid Maria who casts off her diamond tiara with a reckless gesture when she is ready to fight for her lover's life—who eludes Scarpia's ardors with such fleet grace?

She lets herself be one of those blonde Italians, and it is just as well. When *Der Rosenkavalier* was revived later in the first week, a neat brown wig covered the pale gold hair, and it was like putting a rain-coat over a butterfly's wings.

Jeritza was an engaging Octavian in Strauss' daintily rouged opera of 18th century court intrigue, but she scarcely looked boyish. Her love-making in the scenes with the Feldmarschallin and with Sophie reminded one of an enthusiastic school-girl's crush upon her favorite teacher.

CHALIAPIN SUPERB

OF course, the opera's first week brought back Feodor Chaliapin in *Boris Godunoff*, that superb figure who so dominates Moussorgsky's gorgeously embroidered score that it is only the next morning that one remembers how brief a period he was actually upon the stage.

In cream tunic, with a green girdle, from which he once deftly drew a scarlet handkerchief, Chaliapin was breathtaking. He looked about seven feet tall, when he embraced the delicate Raymonde Delaunois in the school-room scene. It is economy of gesture that helps to make the Russian basso so compelling. A sweeping movement of one graceful arm is enough to create atmosphere, to suggest terror and remorse; only slightly raised eye-brows bring the mood of bitter brooding or paternal tenderness.

When he sings it is all a part of the color of his rôle, something like the gold figures on his black Russian cloak, the kaftan. There is no squaring around toward the audience to deliver an aria—not that Boris permits that—but if singing and acting can be compatibly mated, Chaliapin performs the ideal marriage of arts not so kindred as they used to seem.

Underwood & Underwood

WILLEM VAN HOOGSTRATEN

The sensational young Dutch conductor who, by means of his magic and versatile leadership of the Stadium concerts last summer, vaulted over night into the firmament of the first orchestra directors.

A glorious innovation at the Metropolitan this season is the elimination of the claque. Hand-clapping used to start on the fringes of the house and often there was more zeal, more anxiety to earn a nightly wage, than any discriminating taste in the matter of a well-sung passage. Now, when tenor or soprano has finished a brilliant bit, the applause must spring from parquet and boxes, and the balconies. The hands that strike upon each other in impulsive approval are those of listeners who are, one assumes, disinterested.

Perhaps this absence of claquers will help to do away with the star system. Nothing could be more stimulating to music in this country than the abolition of featured names, of placing the performer with a *flair* for publicity above the interpretation of music itself.

FAD FOR NAMES

ANY musical reviewer on a daily paper will tell you that this sort of appeal is much too common. "Oh, Mr. Blah, I am *so* fond of music. Could you let me have tickets for the opera some night when you do not have to cover a performance?" If you say, "Why, yes, I might manage it. What would you like to hear?" the answer is almost invariably the same: "Oh, some opera in which Jeritza sings, or Chaliapin or Galli-Curci!"

Try suggesting, "Don't you like Wagner? Wouldn't you like to hear *Tristan and Isolde?* How about *L'Amore dei Tre Re?*" The answer will be, "Who sings in them?"

One of the most brilliant performances of the opening week was that of Edward Johnson, American tenor, who sang Avito to the Fiora of Lucrezia Bori in *The Love of the Three Kings*. He looks as the ardent young lover should, for one thing. Often we have seen a robust tenor in the parapet scene and wondered how Fiora could ever run down the steps into his arms, without laughing.

But Johnson has a beautiful voice; he is strong and vigorous and he can act. He sang Avito with Mary Garden when the Chicago Opera Company was here, and since then he has grown in artistic stature. And his success is another factor which shows the stupidity of the star system.

Those persons whom James Huneker called "passionate press agents" have fostered the glorification of personality. A few fine artists may have won recognition through craftily handled publicity, but not many.

When Jascha Heifetz gave his first recital in October, 1917, he was practically unknown. The real musicians knew something about him. Other pupils of Leopold Auer had generously referred to his amazing talent.

But no press stories preceded the Heifetz début. He was supreme, and before his program was one-quarter over, the audience in Carnegie Hall was in a frenzy of delight. Sometimes a dash of press-agenting is needed to startle the public into appreciation. Fritz Kreisler was a tremendously appealing violinist long before he returned to this country with a slight limp. And yet, in the season of 1915, he drew hysterical crowds to Carnegie Hall when only two years before he had played just as well in Aeolian, with no need for seats upon the stage.

Setzer

MARIA JERITZA

The Viennese soprano who in a single season has apparently come to top the list of Metropolitan favorites. She is seen here in *Der Rosenkavlier*, in which she recently made her first American appearance.

Muray

SOPHIE BRASLAU
(*Left*)

An American girl whose glorious contralto voice has brought her to a position without equal in the concert world of song. She is to be heard as usual throughout the States during the present season.

SIGRID ONEGIN
(*Left*)

An admirable artist of Swedish birth and Parisian training, who succeeded Mme. Matzenauer as principal mezzo soprano of the Munich opera and came this season to join the Metropolitan forces, making her debut as Amneris in *Aida* late in November.

MARIE TIFFANY
(*Right*)

Who belongs with those soprani on Mr. Gatti-Casazza's roster notable for their intelligence and versatility as well as vocal beauty. While in her fifth Metropolitan season, Miss Tiffany yet contrives to appear across country as a charming recitalist.

PRIMA DONNAS ALL

Four Voices That Have Sung Their Way Into the Hearts of America

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

PRACTICAL SCREEN COMBINATIONS FOR THE AMATEUR STAGE

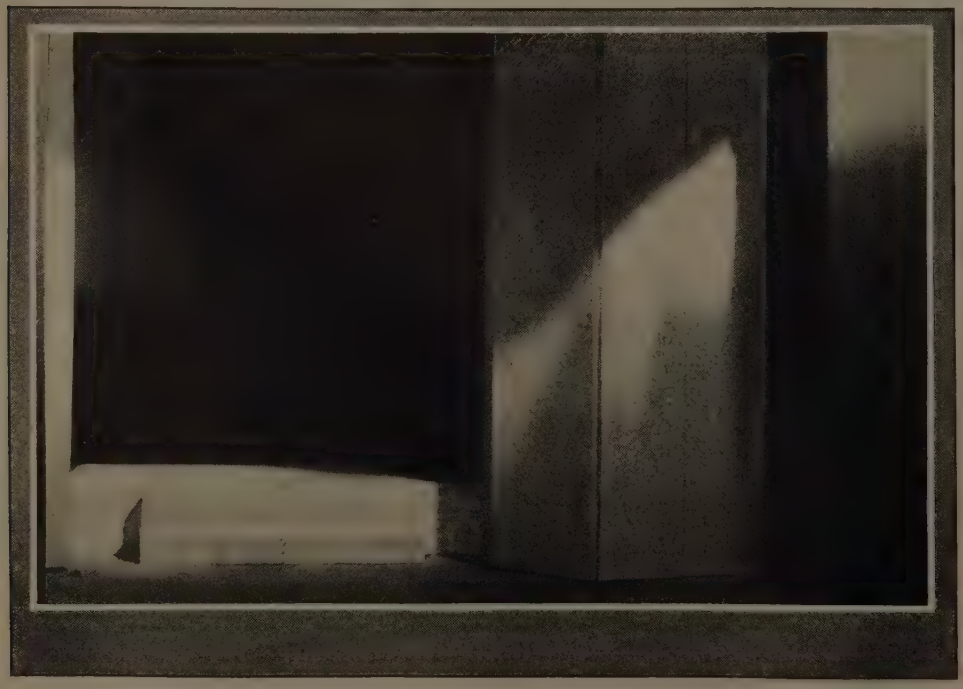
THERE has been a long-felt need among the producers of amateur and semi-professional theatrical productions of clubs, schools and colleges for stage settings that are adequate and adaptable to any play or entertainment that might come to hand. This is true because of the limited financial resources of most schools or amateur organizations that produce plays. Recognizing this need, an adaptable set of scenery has been evolved by a New York studio.

While the idea of the use of screens for settings is not new, having been used many times in various forms, the proportion and construction of the sets presented by this studio make them a new and interesting contribution to the art of the little theatre. The sets are designed primarily at a minimum of expense, bulk and weight, combined with a maximum of durability and artistic superiority. The wings or panels are interchangeable, thus adapting themselves to infinite variety of arrangement and sizes, making it possible to use them for any type of setting.

The most successful and satisfactory scene takes its place merely as a background for the figures that move in front of it. A successful background is one that never intrudes upon the eye to the detriment of the play or the players. For this reason the more or less abstract idea in stage settings has been steadily gaining in favor during the past few years. Following the trend of the times in the theatre the world over, the basic idea of these adaptable sets, both in color and design, is that of an impressionistic or abstract background, throwing the burden of obtaining the final result upon the furnishings, costumes and lighting. By the gentle art of suggestion, and the careful and restrained selection of "properties" the same background evolves itself into a rich, dignified interior, worthy of Shakespere or Moliere, or the lowly, sordid room of Dickens or O'Neill. While it is true that any interior evolved from these settings may be carried to the -nth degree of realism, it is equally true that the average exterior attained by their use must necessarily be impressionistic. But the degree to which this is true depends largely upon the subject, as well as upon the resourcefulness of the stage manager.

Photos: Francis Bruguiere

The neutral tones of the screens in this set lend themselves admirably to the drab interior called for in Dunsany's play "A Night At An Inn." The sets are the work of Susan Stubbs Glover who has established a Little Theatre Department in the studios of a prominent New York scenic artist.



The flexibility of the screens is quickly apparent in the ease with which they may be adjusted to meet the staging requirements of plays of every variety. They are here shown, arranged for the Parapet Scene in *Hamlet*, Act I.

The designers of this set of scenery give him the foundation upon which to build, the background for his pictures, the incentive. What more happy solution could there be for the problem of the amateur.

Mr. Dugald Walker, who has conducted the stagecraft classes at the Chicago Institute of the Drama League of America, since its inception, says: "The combination of screens as devised by Susan Stubbs Glover exactly fits the need of the Amateur Stage.

(*Continued on page* 64)

THE AMATEUR'S GREEN ROOM

News of the Colleges, Schools and Dramatic Clubs

A PLAY WORKSHOP AT THE BROOKLYN POLYTECHNIC

A UNIQUE form of co-operation, one between Applied Science and Art—between the Department of Drama and the Department of Electrical Engineering in a School of Engineering and Chemistry—is being tried out in the recent formation of the Play Workshop of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. Membership is open for all students and professors who are interested in the work. Its purpose is, primarily, to develop ability in acting, lighting and scenic design, and to provide the students of the Department of Electrical Engineering with a well-equipped stage that may be used as a practical laboratory for experimental work in lighting. A complete "little theatre" stage auditorium will be built in the institute building. The Play Workshop is under the direction of Professor S. Marion Tucker, who is also President of the New York Drama League.

DRAMA WEEK IN DENVER

EVERY group of amateur players in Denver, Colorado, is preparing this winter for Drama Week, which begins March 7th. This organized movement for the encouragement of dramatic expression was started last September under the auspices of Denver Community Service, Freeman H. Talbot directing. The chairman of the Drama Week Committee is Mr. Forrest Rutherford, who, aside from his business activities, devotes a great deal of his time to play writing and the production of amateur plays.

The majority of the colleges and universities of Colorado, the Denver High Schools, the women's clubs, men's clubs, dramatic clubs and teachers are all co-operating actively with the Drama Week plans. A series of plays, beginning this month, is to be produced regularly each week. Of these the best will be selected for public presentation during Drama Week. Prizes are being offered for original one-act plays and it is planned to have a Drama Institute follow Drama Week.

AMATEURS WHO HAVE MADE GOOD

THE present season might well be said to be a red letter one for at least three fortunate amateur players who have gained recognition and, in one instance, fame on the Professional Stage. We have in mind, Helen Gahagan, the new William A. Brady star; Romney Brent, appearing in the Theatre Guild's production of *The Lucky One,* and Alice Weaver, one of the feature dancers of *The Greenwich Village Follies.*

It happens every now and then that a new and gifted actress is discovered in one of the experimental groups and then crosses the line into the professional theatre. And that is just what happened to Helen Gahagan. She was first brought to the attention of the managers and critics by a little experimental theatre—The Inter-Theatre Arts, Inc., under the direction of her former dramatic instructor, Elizabeth B. Grimball, who co-operated with Henry Wagstaff Gribble in presenting his satirical comedy, *Shoot,* in which Miss Gahagan played the lead with a cast of professional artists. John Cromwell, acting for William A. Brady immediately engaged her for a small part in *East Side West Side,* and in September, Mr. Brady presented her in the lead in Owen Davis' play, *Dreams For Sale,* in which she created a sensation. The early part of this year Miss Gahagan's picture was published in this Department as she appeared in Elizabeth Grimball's dramatization of *The Snow Queen.* In the December issue, THEATRE MAGAZINE gave her a full page portrait, acclaiming her the logical successor to the foremost actresses of the day!

Romney Brent came to New York, two years ago, to study law at the New York University but after the first semester, his association with Randolph Somerville's Washington Square Players had decided him in favor of Dramatic Art. Meanwhile, he has played various rôles in the repertory of the Players and with the production of Malcolm La Prade's chess plays, he came into prominence through his creation of the character of the Pawn. After a year with the Washington College Players, Brent obtained a walk-on part in *He Who Gets Slapped* and when the play went on the road he was advanced to the rôle of one of the musical clowns, in which his good work marked him for further advancement, and he was later given the juvenile rôle in the Theatre Guild's production of Milne's *The Lucky One,* in which he appeared in November.

Four years ago, little Alice Weaver, then a school girl in Kansas City, dancing with the Bremer Child Players, was given recognition in this Department, and a brilliant future predicted for her. Last year, coming to New York practically unknown, she made her first appearance in the musical comedy *Make It Snappy,* and today, although still in her 'teens, she is one of the feature dancers of *The Greenwich Village Follies.*

Here's continued success to these young players whose triumphs will henceforth be recorded in the Professional pages of this Magazine.

THE STUYVESANT PLAYERS

IN December at the Greenwich House Theatre, New York, the Stuyvesant Players are scheduled to present the first bill of their fifth consecutive season. Lester Margon, who is general director of the group, has, during the past summer, received about two hundred manuscripts of one-act plays, and from these, four have been selected for the first program of the season.

Lies, a dramatic satire by Ferenc Molnar, translated by Benjamin B. Glazer, and produced under the direction of Anatol Grilikhes, will have its American premiere on this occasion.

Henry Myers, whose *The First Fifty Years,* acted by Claire Eames and Tom Power, was one of the outstanding successes of Broadway last year, has written a playlet called *The End of the Book,* which is being presented under his direction.

One of Malcolm La Prade's chess plays, *Stale Mate,* will be given an interesting setting. This play is being staged by the author, whose *Checkmates,* printed in the October and November issues of THEATRE MAGAZINE, was played last summer by the Washington Square College Players.

The fourth play of the bill is *In a Stable,* by Joseph Sunderland, which will be staged by Leigh Lovel.

In addition to the four playlets, a dance poem, *The Green Cathedral,* and a short group of character sketches will be offered during two of the intermissions.

This opening program of their fifth season marks the advance of the Stuyvesant Players from a dramatic group to one of the few independent producing organizations now active in New York. Here actors, authors, artists and directors are co-operating to establish a permanent little theatre where plays of distinction by known and unknown writers may find artistic and sympathetic production.

12679

The First Children's Theatre in the World

IF you are one of those *young* folk —and they are legion—who have never gotten over their "make-believe" days; if you still feel the old familiar thrill at the sight of Hans Anderson's or Grimm's Fairy Tales in a bookshop window, then the new children's theatre, the first to be planned and built exclusively for children, will have a special significance for you.

As to the beginnings of the theatre—Among the important men of affairs in New York there was a man of vision and imagination, with a quick and ready sympathy for the "make-believe" instinct which is a part of the nature of every child. For years a children's theatre was his dream, and he has given that dream expression, form and substance in the unbelievably beautiful auditorium dedicated to the children of New York, on November 10th, at the Hecksher Foundation, Fifth Avenue and 105th Street, New York. August Hecksher is the name of the man whose generous spirit makes possible this *first children's theatre in the world.*

ON the opening night, Mr. Augustus Thomas said: "We are in the presence of an occasion . . . . something has been taking place . . . . we are in the presence of an event." And it was, indeed, an event for all the children everywhere. The dedication of this theatre marked the most significant forward step in child welfare of this age and day, and it is hoped that this first children's theatre will blaze the way for many others.

We are always quick to stress the inhibitions of childhood. The *don'ts* come quite naturally to us, but to the constructive aspect of the *do's*, most of us have given little or no thought. And that is where the Children's Theatre functions. It affords the child opportunity for self expression, and it is planned eventually, that the children shall write their own plays, cast them, act in them and conduct the theatre itself—truly a theatre by, of and for children, even to the orchestra. And Mr. Hecksher has given them a "Playhouse" complete in every detail, from the back of the stage to the box office, and with a seating capacity for a thousand joyous kiddies.

Fascinating is the term that adequately describes the twelve decorative panels on the walls of the Theatre. And how Willy Pogany, who is responsible for these colorful murals, must have joyed in his work! In a tall panel at the left of the stage, the brave little Jack climbs a towering beanstalk crowned with a mediæval castle; while at the right, an elfin figure may be seen sailing along in a brilliant blue sky, high above a dreaming city, on "The Flying Trunk." And striking the final imaginative note in this theatre of stardust and dreams, the chandeliers take the form of turreted castles of glowing colored glass.

Top: Exit doors break the "Red Riding Hood" and "Snow White" panels which are on either side of the balcony. The illustration shows half of each.

Center: Hans Anderson telling bedtime tales to the children in the opening scene of the first night performance at the Children's Theatre.

Below: The "Hansel and Gretel" panel is thrillingly real; the wicked old witch peers out at the children who have just broken a piece of gingerbread from her cottage in the enchanted forest.

Notes on American Stage Costumes

By PAUL POIRET

WHAT a cachet for a frock or wrap if one can say of it—"It comes from Poiret!" Is there any name in the bright list of French dressmakers that conjures up more magic than that of this high priest of fashion, famous the world over for his daring and artistic creations? The THEATRE MAGAZINE *feels itself fortunate, therefore, in having secured from M. Poiret a resume of his views on American stage costuming which should be of particular and timely interest.—The Fashion Editor*

TO begin with let me say that I feel some hesitancy in airing my opinions in regard to American stage costuming. Speaking an unfamiliar language—unversed in its idiomatic derivatives—one is open to the embarrassment of having a simple opinion construed as a calumnious criticism. This would be farthest from my thoughts. The woman of taste and refinement chooses her attire on the basis of her own artistic judgment. The faults and excellencies I find in American stage costuming are derived from a similar, artistic standard—personal to myself and frankly subject to a difference of opinion. In my short visit I have seen some glaring faults—reminders of an old order of theatrical endeavor—and I have also seen some amazing excellencies.

Several years ago a London producer, of more monetary than aesthetic inclinations, petitioned me to execute the designs for an elaborate costume operetta. He provided me with the names of the characters, the historical period in which they moved, and the exact number of male and female parts. To this producer, no doubt, such detailed information seemed sufficient. All that remained was to go ahead and design the costumes; they would be duly executed, and their proper exhibition left to the director and the actors. But, like many persons less apt to be in a position to understand requirements, this producer made the mistake of assuming that stage and street costuming are identical. As a matter of fact, they are very dissimilar. In the theatre there are three important factors determining the nature of its costumes — light — harmony of color — and characterization.

Ten years ago, while on a visit to America, I had occasion to view several of your more pretentious theatrical presentations. Stage lighting was then in a rather crude state of development. Garish spot lights of brilliant and unsubdued colors were splashed across a scene and in their eerie glow a piece of spangled cheese-cloth could effectively counterfeit a dress of silvered silk or pure satin. As I remember it your American ingenuity went to considerable lengths in this artful costume camouflage. Some of your greatest actresses appeared in tinselled gowns that a chorus girl today would scorn to wear. In those days your famous Hippodrome seemed a gargantuan replica of the circus. You were striving for broad, generous effects. Today I find this "institution" has evolved into a marvel of tasteful scenic and costume spectacles. Its tremendous capacity offers a challenge to the imagination; its delightful color harmonies and beautiful dressing amply respond to the challenge.

In Europe during this same period—due, perhaps, to our lack of a greater ingenuity—we escaped this stage of development. Our theatrical costumes, while often not as elaborate as your own, were always made of the finest materials procurable. For this reason the French stage in particular, became the mirror of fashions. Society took its cue from across the footlights. Then came the further refinement of stage lighting—borders—overhead clusters—shadow boxes—the ability to blend colors—and theatrical costuming entered upon its present renaissance.

In this particular of lighting I believe your stage is at present far ahead of its continental rivals. Both in the Ziegfeld *Follies* and George White's *Scandals* I noticed how well the lighting was done and with what delicacy modulated shades of color were transfused, one into another. While this is a great improvement it is also the cause of considerable difficulty. A gorgeous blue evening gown, under the pale aura of a tropic moon, may turn out a muddy gray. Every "spot" that is thrown upon the stage must be chosen to accord with the color scheme of costumes and setting. Here you have somewhat overreached yourselves, for in one or two present Broadway successes I saw calamitous violations of this law of harmony. The lighting was exquisite—so were the costumes—but the two together formed a grotesque mésalliance.

The importance of harmony of colors is self evident. On the stage—especially in large musical productions—the individual character must be viewed as part of a great ensemble. For this reason not only should the character maintain its individual note of color, but it must also blend graciously into the general color scheme. To this end stage costumes must be striking, but simple. A perfect ensemble can be spoiled by a heterogeneous conflict of colors. An instance of the careful detail necessary in stage costuming was evidenced in the recent production of *Orange Blossoms,* for which I designed the costumes. Before any attempt was made to execute them, Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes, who designed the scenery, sent me the complete color scheme of each act. These were separate and distinct, a single tone predominated, and it was necessary to prepare my costumes with these harmonies in mind.

A foreigner's attention is bound to be caught by the elaborate care you give to scenic investiture — perspective — atmosphere—magnificent curtains and stage carpentry—but against this rich background move—sometimes—characters attired in the cheapest finery. I have seen the incongruity of a beautiful gold-leaf curtain serving as the background for a chorus in muslin dresses. In Europe I think we pay more attention to the fitness of character and environment.

As in my own country your stage has naturally become the mentor of fashion. This comparatively recent development is due to the fact that producers now solicit the services of the best-known designers and modistes. Exaggerated to some extent in your more spectacular offerings, but perfectly expressed in the conservative drama, I have seen on your stage the finest examples of the couturier's art, worn with a grace and elegance that can be matched nowhere in the world. And these creations are by no means exclusive importations. In the portrayal of your native drama I have been particularly pleased to see the note of originality, expressive of a distinctly American type.

One phase of stage costuming which you have developed in this country I think we, abroad, could well imitate. By this I refer to your subtle individualization. Whether for street or stage wear a person's costume should reflect the wearer's personality. Different colors have various significance, and I believe you have made the most of what might be termed color psychology. In addition you seem to have created definite types. Your undulating "vamp" would no more think of appearing in pink muslin than would the simple ingenue dare to come forth in a clinging black chiffon. We, in Europe, are not accustomed to such marked definition, due, perhaps, to our more sophisticated experience with particularly "vampish" ingénues. Of course, in general there is an international acceptance of well defined types, all of which can be represented in costume, but you, in America, have multiplied and refined these variations to a remarkable degree.

FASHION

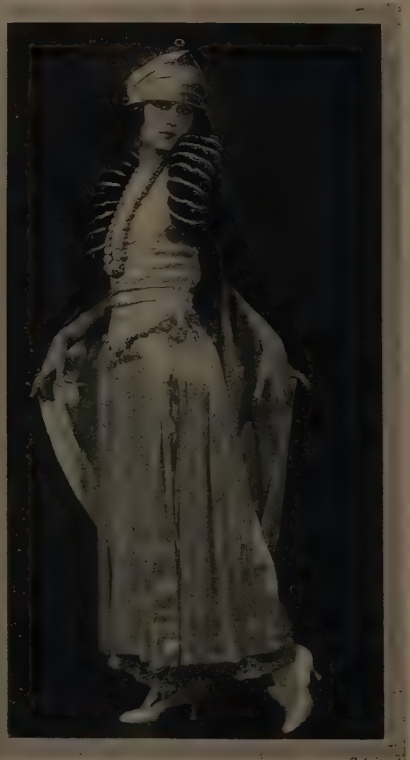
As Interpreted by the Actress

An extremely smart rajah frock of oyster white plaided in huge orange squares gives a forecast of what we are to wear for the South. Note the simplicity of its lines and the wide girdle of jet that adds distinction and contrast. Miss Moulton holds one of those droll Pierrot dolls, so much in vogue with the Parisienne.

Models by Renocluaf

Posed by Zita Moulton

A three-piece suit for Southern wear, which shows that accordeon pleats have lost none of their popularity. The skirt is ivory white crepe de chine and the coat tomato colored eponge banded in hand-made Russian embroidery. A cunning middy blouse of white flannel accompanies the costume.



For the formal evening affair, Zita Moulton emphasizes the beauty of a rose and silver cloth gown with a silver-lace-banded underskirt, the long, close-fitting bodice of which is finished with a narrow fluting of rose and blue satin flowers. A black chiffon velvet wrap lined in silver to go with the silver frock is made in one piece and draped to a huge bolster collar. Miss Moulton adds as finishing touches, a wide silver ribbon bandeau for the hair and the originality of topaz jewelry.

THE LAST WORDS OF MADAME LA MODE WHICH INCLUDE THE LAVISH USE OF RIBBON

Models from Bonwit Teller

Posed by Vivienne Segal

Ira Hill Studios

Callot has accomplished in this dancing frock the piquancy of a Victorian atmosphere spiced with modern flapperism. Of a vivid fuchsia pink net over a silver cloth slip, with bands of silver lace insertion, the frock is the crispest, most glowing, mouth-watering affair imaginable. For accessories there are a huge fan of nile green feathers, silver brocade slippers, and a bandeau of silver flowers.

(*Below*) The focus of all eyes would be the young person wearing this brilliant black net and silver cloth frock, for the net finely scrolled with silver on the long-waisted bodice, and heavily embroidering the full skirt, catches and holds the light. A further shining lure is the bandeau of braided silver ribbon.

(*Above*) A model dinner frock from Patou, simple in its lines, but very original in its coloring, fawn-brown crepe with darker brown satin border being embroidered down one side and around the hem with a stunning bird-flower pattern in light and deep rose and cream. Miss Segal's brown lace hat is trimmed with brown and gold ribbons, and since ribbon is extending its influence everywhere it frocks even the telephone doll.

(*Above*) Smart women are inclining more and more to the wearing of such negligee robes as the above for informal dining at home. This is a gorgeously colored robe of orange cut-velvet with orange chiffon sleeves and a collar edging of brown fur. The couch pillows which enhance the picture are made entirely of various gay shades of ribbon, including the latest trick of footstool pillow with its wide edgings of gold lace.

THE DELIGHTFUL HOME OF A THEATRICAL MAGNATE

In the Professional colony at Great Neck, Long Island, are many beautiful estates, but none of more distinction and character than the Sam H. Harris home. The ivy-covered pink stucco house, surmounted by a roof of red tile is strongely reminiscent of an old world villa.

Decorations by Chamberlain Dodds

Photos Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Right: There is an unusual feeling of space and airiness associated with the sun room—perhaps because of the happy combination of colors used in the painting of the woodwork and the furniture, in which Italian blue and yellow predominate.

The entrance vestibule.

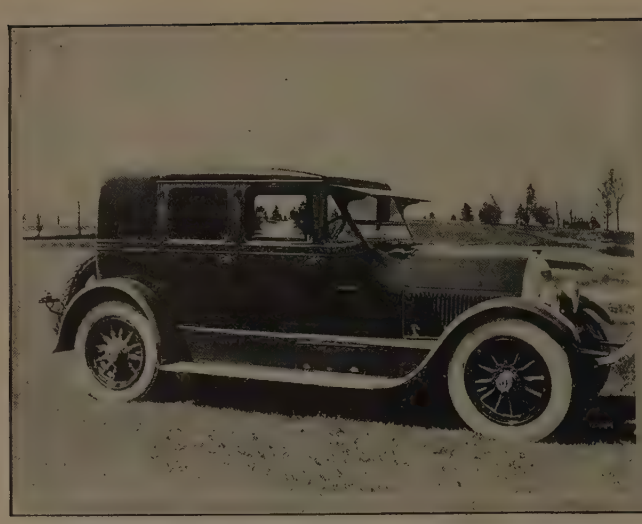
Left: The problem of the gallery-hall, which on occasion must necessarily be used as a reception room, as well as a passageway, has been adroitly met in this inviting combination of both.

Richness, intimacy and ease characterize the library. Mr. Harris' selection of walnut for the bookcases and furnishings of this, and other rooms in his home, reflects the vogue of the moment for this warm mellow-toned wood.

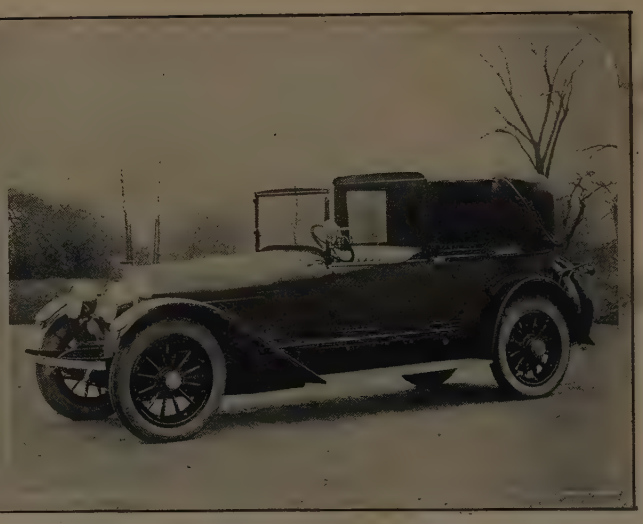
Left: An Italian Directoire day bed, covered in burnt orange, and a Jacobean desk meet on equal terms in the study which is gay with brilliant coloring; the orange, green and old blue chintz at the windows is particularly effective with a background of French green walls.

Upper left and right: Contrasting shades of mauve, orchid and turquoise form the color scheme of the master chamber; the window hangings of orchid satin against walls of mauve gray, offering a delicate background for the furniture, which is of satinwood and tulip wood inlaid with walnut. The upholstery is done in turquoise damask shot with gold.

Left: A splendid Spanish table of Casonne walnut dominates the dining room which is panelled to the ceiling in walnut. The chairs are covered in red velvet and there are carved console tables to match the dining table.



A four-passenger Daniels "8" of the virile design. The straight line effect is ornamented rather than marred by the rounded corners which are substituted for the conventional squar eones. The makers call this car their "California Sedan."

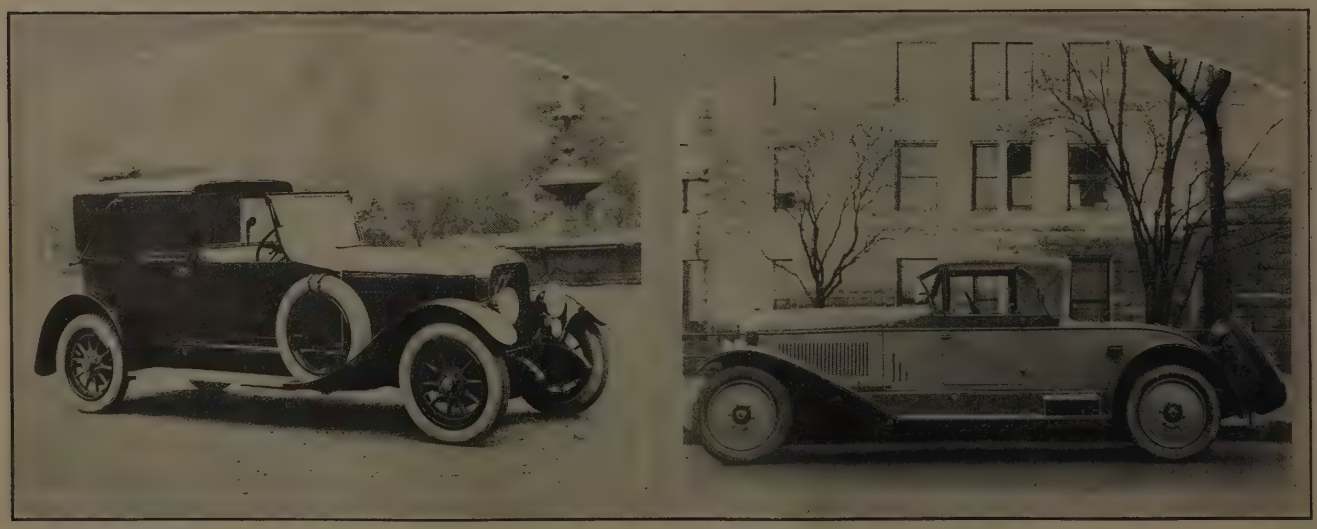


A Locomobile cabriolet which takes its place with any car of foreign creation in the matter of distinctive appearance. One desirable feature of this handsome turn-out is its being entirely collapsible and equally smart open or closed.

The Marmon "Landau Brougham" with a body made by the New Haven Carriage Company. Here is another version of the type of car which is taking the place of all others for general all-year use. The rear of the top can be lowered as well as the rear windows.

An Isotta Fraschini closed but collapsible brougham with body by LeBaron made specially for the use of Mrs. Charles E. Proctor of Great Neck, L. I.

An Isotta Fraschini "8" with body by LeBaron. The fenders have noticeable dash and the top is shaped singularly like an Italian officer's cap.



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But the artistic genius of the Perfumer has re-created the most wonderful mystery of all—the very soul of the flowers—Fragrance.

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Undoubtedly, the elusive fragrance that still clings to grandmother's wedding gown was *Violette de Parme*—from the sky blue violet of Italy. Feminine moods change, but desire for this wonderful perfume remains, as lasting as the perfume itself.

The grandsons of Armand ROGER and Charles GALLET are the ROGER & GALLET of today. Inheriting the artistic genius of the founders of the house, and trained from generation to generation in the atmosphere of the real art of Fragrance, they have given a Fragrance loving world many new creations—just as lovely and pure as the perfumes of old, yet perhaps more appealing to present-day American womanhood.

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(*Continued from Page* 34)

habits of the aristocracy, they offered no material for criticism. When the greatest American critic at the present time, Mr. W. C. Brownell, collected in a book his essays on Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, and other American writers, he was not tempted to append a chapter devoted to a critical consideration of the novels of Laura Jean Libbey; and the world-famous Georg Brandes has not yet written a critical examination of the wide-world-advertised accomplishments of Cecil B. De Mille.

To achieve criticism the motion picture must first deserve it; for criticism, as defined by Matthew Arnold, is "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that has been thought and said in the world," and, since "the world is so full of a number of things," the critic cannot afford to waste his time in the contemplation of childish nonsense. He must ask of motion pictures, as he asks of books and plays and music and all other works of art, "Are they true?" and "Are they beautiful?"; and, if the answer is negative, he must continue to avoid them.

ROBIN HOOD

THESE two essential questions are answered with a ringing and rousing affirmative by the motion picture which is called, for purposes of copyright, *Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood.* This is far and away the finest motion picture that has yet been produced in this country and one of the very finest motion pictures that have ever been produced anywhere in the world. It is not at all necessary to describe it, since everybody knows the legend of Robin Hood and everybody also knows what Douglas Fairbanks can do when he flings his whole heart and soul into a tremendous undertaking.

The lesson to be learned from this great achievement is that this picture is essentially a one-man job. Though the age-old legendry of Robin Hood long offered, at no expense for the story, a priceless opportunity to every producing corporation, it is obvious that none of the big factories, such as those operated by Famous Players-Lasky, Goldwyn, Metro, or Universal, could possibly have made this picture. Works of art are not created by committees and are not manufactured in factories. They are called into being only when one person, and only one, is inspired with a big idea and is endowed with the opportunity and the courage to see it through.

The production of *Robin Hood,* we are assured by the press-agent, enlisted the services of more than twenty thousand people; but the twenty most important people in this army of twenty thousand would be the first to assert that Fairbanks did the entire job himself and was responsible for every last and least detail. Thus the finished picture is not only a veracious and spirited chronicle of life in the high and far off days of the lion-hearted Richard and the doughty Earl of Huntingdon, but is also—and this is the more important point—a true and beautiful expression of one man's personality—a personality which is almost musically magnificent with its concordant notes of youth and health and joy and buoyant athletic vigor.

THE SIN FLOOD

IN the matter of tendency, *The Sin Flood* stands antipodal to *Robin Hood.* Instead of being romantic, youthful, free and easy, and lovely to look upon, it is adult, satirical, sardonic, and cabinned, cribbed, confined within the rigid restrictions of realism. Intellectually, *The Sin Flood* is very nearly as fine as *Robin Hood* is fine emotionally. This picture is a fairly faithful version of that remarkable play by the Swedish author, Henning Berger, which has twice been produced in New York by Arthur Hopkins under the altered title of *The Deluge.* To produce this story on the screen was a daring undertaking. In the first place, there was a technical difficulty, since, for three reels at least, all of the characters had to be incarcerated in a single room under circumstances which would make it impossible to "cut to" anything that was simultaneously happening outside; and, in the second place, the mood of the entire story was satiric and sardonic, and the enormous and moron-minded motion picture public was commonly supposed to be incapable of appreciating the intelligent and nimble mood of satire. Fortunately for the better class of motion picture patrons, these two objections were overruled by the driving and undefeatable enthusiasm of J. G. Hawks, who wrote the continuity and was primarily responsible for the finest picture that the Goldwyn Corporation has ever yet released and one of the finest pictures that Frank Lloyd has ever directed.

The one blot upon this picture as a criticism of life is the fact, which was noted immediately by nearly every reviewer in New York, that the sardonic thesis of the story is illogically violated at the very end when the leading man is permitted to marry the leading woman. This unwarranted concession to the taste of the unintelligent army of salesmen and exhibitors is the only thing that prevents the critic from welcoming *The Sin Flood* as a veritable work of art. I happen to know that, in this instance, both the director and the editor in charge of the production pleaded eagerly for an opportunity to develop this satiric story to its truthful termination, but were overruled by a committee whose

(*Concluded on Page* 56)

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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

THE SCREEN

(*Concluded from page* 54)

members were unduly afraid of the psychological reactions of their own salesmen. They were afraid that their own salesmen would lack enthusiasm for a picture in which both Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick appeared, unless these two young people were married to each other at the end of the story. *The Sin Flood* is a fine picture as it stands, and adds materially to the laurels of Frank Lloyd as a director; but those who see it should remember that Mr. Lloyd is not responsible for the lame and impotent conclusion of a story which, until the very end, had told the truth unflinchingly.

OLIVER TWIST

THIS same director, Frank Lloyd, is mainly responsible for the current production of *Oliver Twist,* with little Jackie Coogan as the star. Mr. Lloyd is an earnest student of Dickens; and the familiar characters of the great Victorian novelist come alive upon the screen when they are evoked by the reverent and sympathetic summoning of this impresario. Although Jackie Coogan is only seven years of age, he is already a better actor than most of the men and women who are currently regarded as luminaries of the screen; but his backers have been well advised in deciding to exhibit him as a factor in the presentation of great and famous stories, instead of starring him in stories written particularly to emphasize his astonishing precocity.

Oliver Twist is a fine picture. The continuity is well prepared, and the photographs that are shown successively upon the screen look like living representations of the figures long familiar through the medium of Cruikshank's illustrations. Jackie Coogan plays the part of Oliver extremely well; and he has been judiciously surrounded with several equally able artists, such as Lon Chaney, Gladys Brockwell, George Siegmann, Lionel Belmore, and James Marcus.

A motion picture of this type may render a noble service to the multitudinous public by making its many members familiar with a classic narrative—a narrative that has become classic only because it is both true and beautiful.

THE YOUNG RAJAH

THE late John Ames Mitchell, who founded *"Life"* in 1883 and remained the editor of that luminous publication until his death thirty-five years later, was an accomplished and distinguished man of letters. I have never read his novel, *Amos Judd,* which gathered golden encomiums when it was first published in 1895; but I knew Mr. Mitchell in his later years, and I am certain that no book of his can have borne any basic resemblance to the motion picture labelled *The Young Rajah*—despite the fact that the main title of this queer concoction discredits the memory of Mr. Mitchell by stating that the picture was derived from *Amos Judd.*

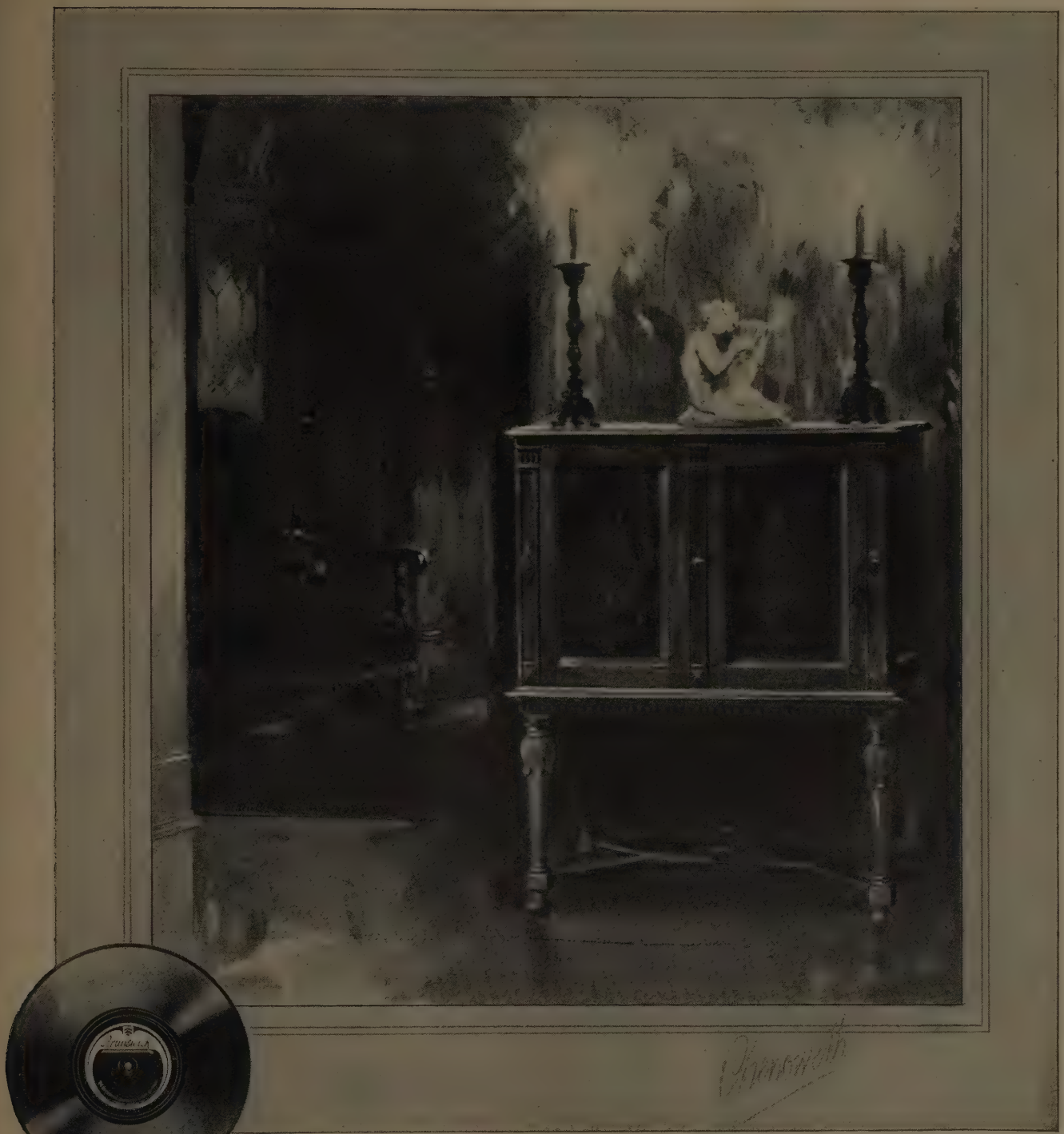
The story narrated on the screen is illogical, inconsistent, and fundamentally silly. It is called *The Young Rajah* for the commercial reason that it was designed as a vehicle for Rodolph Valentino, who made a lot of money for his employers in a previous strange concoction called *The Shiek.* Mr. Valentino is a handsome young man, and looks well in rowing clothes, riding clothes, evening clothes, and the gorgeous costumes that are ancestral at a Hindu Court; but nothing can more quickly quench his popularity with the motion picture public than a continued exploitation of his mere physical comeliness in absurd compositions which cannot afford him any opportunity to develop his latent talents as an actor.

What is the sense of a story that first endows its hero with a supernatural gift for previsioning the future with absolute precision, and then casts this super-hero as stroke oar in a Harvard eight that is to row against Yale at New London? If this hero had any business sense at all, he could easily gather in a million dollars by betting on the official result of the race to the fraction of a second, at odds, if necessary, of a hundred to one. The mystic element of the story, as the narrative is unfolded on the screen, is constantly at odds with the practical, or common sense, element. The public is shown a travesty of truth; and the apparent popularity of this exhibition merely adds another item to the scientific computation of the prevalence of morons.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

THE Prisoner of Zenda was written by Anthony Hope before the era of motion pictures; yet it seems to have been planned directly for the screen. The latest production of this minor classic by Rex Ingram is, of course, a good picture. Yet, when I saw this picture, I somehow missed the keen romantic thrill which I had received years and years ago from reading the novel and seeing the play.

The reason for this disappointment is resident in the continuity of Mr. Ingram's picture. Too much attention, comparatively speaking, is devoted to the incarcerated King of Ruritania, and too little attention is devoted to the love affair between the Princess Flavia and the adventurous, intruding Englishman, Rassendyl. The ultimate parting of these two true lovers should have been heartrending; but, in Mr. Ingram's picture, it passed away as merely an unemphatic incident in the narrative. Here was a story which was well acted, cleverly directed, and beautifully photographed; yet it disappointed an aroused expectancy because of an uneradicated fault in the composition of the continuity.



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IS RADIO AN ENEMY OF THE THEATRE?

(*Concluded from page* 15)

But outside the room, out there in the theatre—what a sight, what a vision to tempt the art of the writer or painter. The theatre has no confines, it is not measured by walls and ceiling. There are no limits of top galleries, no chart of seats. There are no choice places, for every corner of the world is the highest priced stall. Take the map of the world and spread it before you, and there you have your theatre. It makes no difference that today the limits of hearing are bounded by the power of the transmission; tomorrow the stars will listen to the radio performers. Across the stages, sweep your eye. These singers and speakers at Newark will be heard throughout New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Connecticut, Ohio, Delaware, District of Columbia —and by men on ships far out at sea and in Florida, California, Cuba, Panama, Canada.

IN THE STUDIO ROOM

THE romance? There you have it. The audience and the microphone and the scientific miracle which has been born in this day of the world's existence.

And back stage? In the studio room, what happens there?

We are giving a concert or an opera with Gadski, Zanelli, Marie Rappold, Michael Banner, John Meldrum. The operators are ready for us. Everything is tuned up. The machinery is working perfectly. The atmosphere is generously propitious.

"Ready for the curtain. First, ladies and gentlemen of the company, one caution, please make no sounds as every whisper carries outward everywhere. This little microphone hears everything. When you speak or sing, please send the volume of your tone in its direction and try not to change the direct current of your voice, as there is a variation of quality in so doing. Stand about this distance from the microphone, and do not try to be heard directly in California. Sing moderately, in ordinary tones, but do not be afraid that you will blast with a big note of climax. The audience awaits you. Ring up the curtain."

The microphone is open, the world has suddenly become the theatre for a single performance.

The artist goes to the microphone. What must he do? What ought he to know? Must he change himself or his regular technique? Do the people really hear so far away? Isn't it a stupid feeling to stand there with nobody before you, and no applause to tell you whether your work has "gone over." Most of the artists develop something akin to stage fright—even old veterans, who have faced hundreds of thousands. They do! The romance of the audience, however, begins to get in their blood.

THE ARTIST IS INSPIRED

THE artist catches the inspiration of the moment. He forgets himself. He gesticulates, laughs, cries, lives his rôle and, for all that one could see, is himself as he would be upon the stage. The company are in their street clothes, they are doing their bits as they would in the parlor.

Would the artists be satisfied with that only—never seeing the audience? Why, I, myself, thrilled as I am by the miracle, dance inwardly when I greet the smallest audience face to face!

No need to fear that radio is going to harm our theatre. It is working for it, by encouraging millions to want to attend the living performances of the very finest order.

The microphone is closed. The room is no longer the channel to the universe. It is—a room.

THE TWO-A-DAY

(*Concluded from page* 36)

The few acts which have been reviewed here are new and are indicative of the trend toward splendor of big-time vaudeville, the poaching on the preserves of the revue, and the gradual liberation from the shackles of pink piano lamps and twin urns of red cotton roses.

To return to the Duke's analysis for Huck, the very life of the vaudeville business remains in the hands of its excellent comedians; Mr. Joe Cook, who has developed into a quaint little demi-god for the genuflexions of the smart set, Mr. Billy B. Van, with his pink jokes for married people and nurses, Mr. Duffy and Mr. Sweeny, Moss and Frye, Rockwell and Fox, Miller and Mack, DeHaven and Nice, the Stantons with their elegant banalities.

I recommend also the dancing acts of Miss Jeanette Hackett, and of the Moran Sisters; the Wiltons, Rose and Mae, who have voices and know how to use them; "The Gossipy Sex" with Claire Whitney and Robert Emmet Keane; Wayne and Warren; Brendel and Burt; Vincent Lopez' band; Paul Nolan, the juggler; the acrobatic Klown Revue; and that one of Paul Specht's musical acts in which he appears himself.

The methods of these performers are intensely individual, but equally successful. One need see but a single bill without them to appreciate their contributions to he pleasures of the two-a-day.

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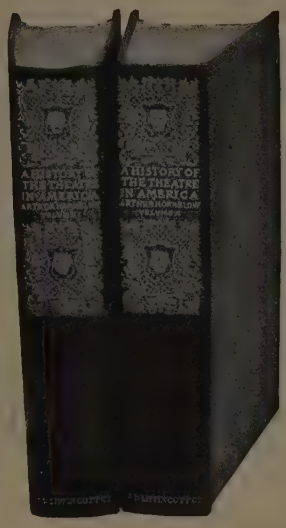

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW
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THE MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(*Concluded from page 12*)

ful young man appeared modestly at rehearsals of *Not So Long Ago,* as its author. It was as quaint among Broadway plays as a village maid at a chorus girls' after-the-theatre party. It was reasonably successful. His *Ambush* was a poignant spiritual tragedy. That, too, had a reasonable success. This season, *A Serpent's Tooth* brought to him the chastening experience of a failure. *The Awful Truth* is wagging cheerily on at Henry Miller's theatre with Ina Claire and Bruce McRae as chief waggers.

There is in the Rialto a persistent belief that had Mr. Richman been less maidenly modest, not so violet-like, *A Serpent's Tooth* would have survived. But directors who made more noise than he would, or could, made cuts that, he thought, cut the heart from his play. Mr. Richman, taking up his hat, left his seat in the dusk of the Little Theatre auditorium, exited quietly to the street, and was seen no more thereabout.

He is a remarkably fine athlete. Rides a horse like Fairbanks. Would be hand-ball champion of America if he consented to enter the City Athletic Club tournaments. But he's too busy writing the great American play. Which is rather extraordinary when you consider that he's handsomely financially independent and needn't work a stroke.

XI.—EDGAR SELWYN

AH! there comes Edgar Selwyn. He is the moodiest man that walks Broadway. Although, really, Edgar walks little. He drives to and from his theatre in one of the smartest limousines that threads the dangerous ways of the crowded crossings of Manhattan.

It would be better for Edgar's figure if he did walk to and from his office. In those not remote years when he had a snug country home on the wooded hills of Harmon-on-the-Hudson he was slimmer because he walked a great deal. But he was married then and had a congenial companion on his walks.

Now he has become one of the most eligible candidates for wedlock on the Rialto. Yet one wonders whether he finds no congenial companions for his walks. At all events he is no prize pedestrian now because he has accumulated twenty or more pounds since his walking days. Even dancing does not jolt them off. I wonder sometimes whether that is his sole reason for dancing, for he takes to and brings away from Montmartre, the Little Club and even the light hearted Sixty Club, a serious face. When his features relax in a smile it is worth dwelling on, but he seldom smiles. He is handsome, though, in a dark, melancholy-Danish way.

Edgar Selwyn is the romance of the Selwyn Brothers' offices and their theatres, the Selwyn, Times Square and Apollo in New York and the Selwyn in Chicago. "Arch" is the realist. Edgar is the dreamer. "Arch" is the *tour de force.* It is told at the Lambs that when a temperamental playwright, not of his family, dallied week after week, before attacking the third act of a play the Selwyns had contracted to produce, he invited the recalcitrant plot maker to visit the brothers on Long Island for a week end, locked him in his room, pocketed the key, and departed with expletives and the adjuration to start that third act. The playwright did as he was bidden.

THE BRETHREN OF THE "VICIOUS CIRCLE"

(*Concluded from page 9*)

books of those brethren who have written books or plays or have produced plays contain the best answers to the charge of log-rolling. Brock Pemberton after one of his less successful productions, was made so ill by the reviews which his comrades of the Circle wrote that it was weeks before he could look an Algonquin pie in the face. When Toohey appeared as co-author of a terrible comedy called "Swifty" his little Algonquin friends gave him a brick-shower. Broun's novel, "The Boy Grew Older," received such unfraternal notices from some of the more hardened Cases that he was moved to indite a paragraph on the subject of envy as a prevailing emotion.

"Log-rolling?" cried Broun, bitterly, "They've been using their logs to hit me in the head with."

"Ah," said the onlooking cynics, "the boys grow colder."

His neighbor on the the "page opposite" of the "World" was among those who spoke unkindly of "The Boy Grew Older." If he had spoken well, every one in the sulky outer darkness would have said that was because he was hand-in-glove with Broun. But as he had spoken ill, they had to say that it was because he was trying to conceal the fact that he was hand-in-glove with Broun. The question as to whether he had really liked or disliked the book would not, of course, be permitted any place in these diagnoses. Really there is nothing quite so easy as to say that a man is a log-roller unless, perhaps, it is to say that he has an inferiority complex. And so it is said again and again. Despite the fact that every bit of evidence is to the contrary, there are plenty of resentful folk who believe firmly that the motto of The Vicious Circle is: "We are advised by our loving friends."

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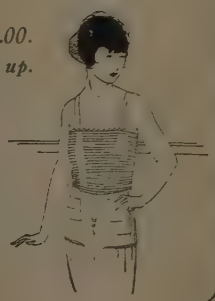

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The Promenades of Angelina

She Attends The Fashion Show of Cintra of London at the Plaza

AMONG the many delightful features of Bohemia . . of course, you understand I'm always talking of smart Bohemia . . is the fact that one can always get an escort in the daytime. Foreigners who come over here have complained, you remember, of the dearth of men in the social affairs that happen in the daytime . . all hen parties, they say . . not even a tired business man among them . . But being *au courant* with Bohemia obviates all that . . since in Bohemia one works under inspiration and not under a time o'clock . . and inspiration must have breathing spells . . whereas a time clock ticks on relentlessly.

Cintra, the Hon. Mrs. John Fortescue in private life, acted as master of ceremonies at her Show, wearing a draped black velvet frock of her own designing.

So the other day I was able to tuck under my wing an artist and a costume designer . . both young and handsome . . and we flew up to the Plaza to see the Fashion Show of Cintra of London . . in private life the Honorable Mrs. John Fortescue, wife of King George's Librarian. The Fashion Show was given for the benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors Club of New York, that Club doing such perfectly splendid work for active service and honorably discharged men and for disabled ex-service men from the hospitals. In the afternoon well-known actresses were the *mannequins* . . in the evening society "debs." And naturally, it was the actresses whom we wanted to see . . so it was the afternoon for us.

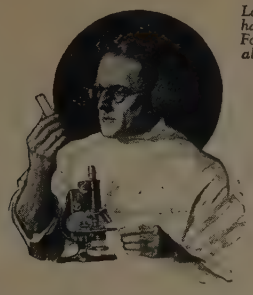
We arrived in good time and chose seats in the front row at the far side, where we could see everything, and yet buzz comments without disturbing people's ears or prejudices. For what is a Fashion Show if you can't make comment! But if anybody did overhear us they would have caught nothing but enthusiasm . .

The affair took place in the large gold ballroom of the Plaza, and the room was crowded . . people standing up at the back and sitting in the gallery that runs round the sides . . a lot of good-looking men in the audience . . and the mannequin-actresses parading across the small stage to the strains of music . .

First, however, came Cintra . . introducing herself in a charming bit of rhyme and speaking with one of those delightfully easy-timbred English voices, whose every breath carries to the farthest corner of a room. Young and very pretty, tall and slender, she wore a picturesque costume . . naturally of her own creation . . a draped black velvet sheath and a close-fitting black turban from which swirled downwards over the left shoulder, in the new fashion, a curling black ostrich plume . . and carried with the costume a long ebony cane with black tassels . . Having mannequined a minute or so, Cintra withdrew to a small platform, "lower left," and became master of ceremonies, introducing each actress as she appeared and telling the name of the frock she was wearing . . That established a *rapport* between audience and stage . . created at once and atmosphere of ease and friendliness . .

Followed a galaxy of beauty . . the adorable, petite Vivienne Segal . . the classical Dolores . . who had run over specially for the occasion from Philadelphia, where "Sally" was being given, because Cintra had designed costumes for her in London . . the vivacious Marguerita Sylva with her flashing white smile . . Consuelo Flowerton, Follies' beauty . .lovely

What is an evening frock just now without its headdress! An interesting one seen at Cintra's Fashion Show was of wide gold ribbon with gilded feathers at either side.



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THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(Concluded from page 62)

An enchanting "period frock," worn by Consuelo Flowerton, of Italian-red brocade with medieval bodice and long bouffant skirt was girdled in gold studded with colored stones.

Juliette Crosby, whose grace and distinguished charm our artist particularly admired . . "What a head!", murmured he admiringly . . Margaret Dale, with a bob close-curled and a new and astonishing slenderness . . whatever her age she doesn't look it, as they say . . blonde Mary Boland . . blonde Marie Nordstrom . . and others . . And each beauty was arrayed, line upon line, and color upon color, in the frock that best brought out her type, Cintra losing nothing in the showing . . *Quel différence* a Fashion Show with actresses as the models!

Cintra believes in variety . . in draped frocks . . the lines of her drapery are extraordinarily lovely, simple, classical, slenderizing . . especially in the model "Tenebrae," a black velvet with silver fringe that Mary Boland displayed, and a soft gold and black brocaded robe for which Mrs. Frances Rogers, the President of the Soldiers and Sailors Club, "modeled" . . One might say, perhaps, that the handling of drapery, and the long one-piece lines . . if I may be permitted the expression . . are peculiarly Cintra's forte . . Yet the ingenue frocks worn by Vivienne Segal, the stunning *robes du style* "Francesca" and "Gratiana," the one in Italian red brocade, the other in Spanish yellow . . .the two-piece costumes which Mme. Sylva showed . . each of a different genre . . were equally as lovely as the draped models . .

All in all . . what with the gowns . . and the actresses . . and the general method of presentation . . it was quite the most interesting and distinguished Fashion Show, we three agreed, that we had yet attended. And exclamations to the same effect were heard around us as we made our way out.

PRACTICAL SCREEN COMBINATIONS FOR THE AMATEUR STAGE

(Concluded from page 44)

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NOTE:—For information concerning these screens address The Editor, The Amateur Stage Department.

"THE LAND WHERE THE GOOD DREAMS GROW"

Due to the exigence of make-up, we regret that this play, which was scheduled for continuation in this issue, will be concluded instead in the February number.

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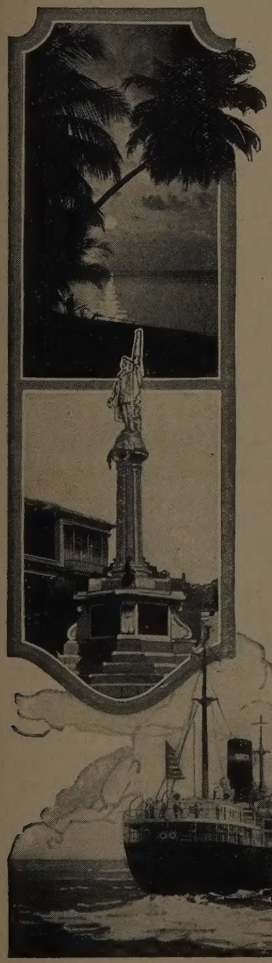

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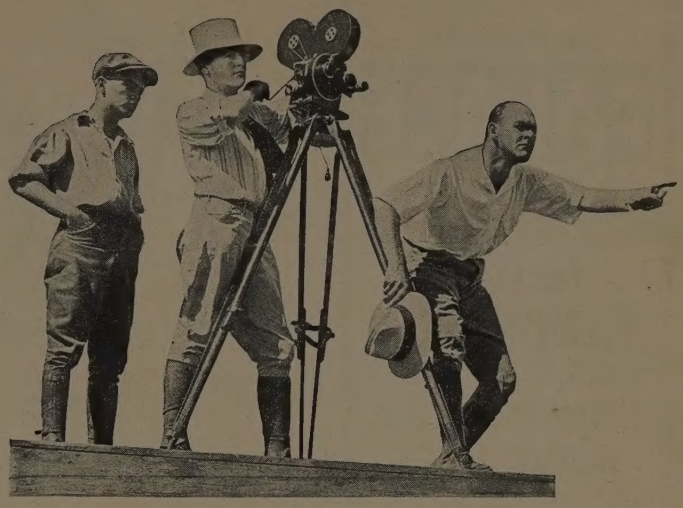

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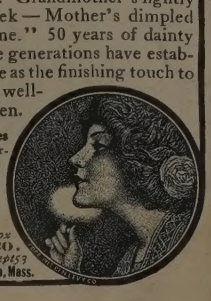

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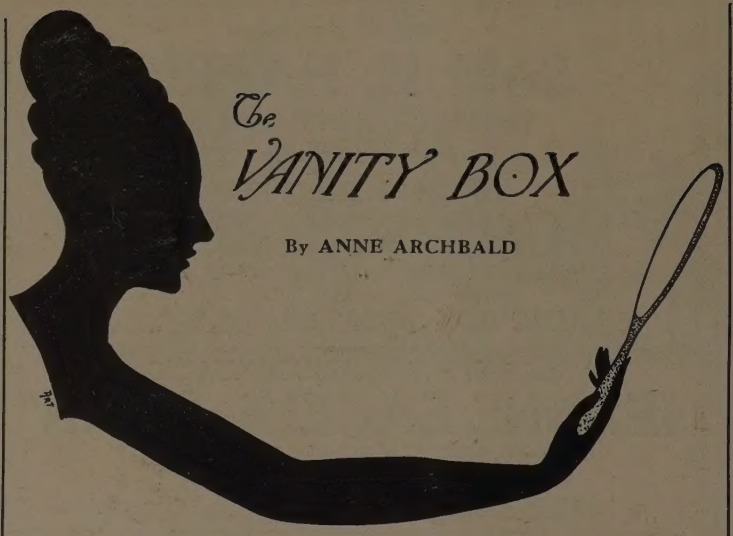

The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

ONE of the most popular young persons who has come to us from the other side is the Parisienne Yvonne George, who sings "Mon Homme" in that brilliant review, "The Greenwich Village Follies." Not only is Mlle. George enormously popular with her audiences, but she is having a furore of personal popularity outside the theatre. Everyone who meets her is quite mad about her, women as well as men. Such charm, such intelligence, such cordial friendliness . . she fitted at once into the American scene as if she had always belonged there.

We found Mlle. George's make-up extremely interesting, and it is practically the same off the stage as on . . at least it gives the same effect. Her chestnut hair is worn drawn straight back from the forehead to a small knot in the neck, showing a lovely hair line and charming small ears set classically flat against the head. She uses no rouge, but contrasts the soft creamy pallor of her skin with a scarlet mouth and—after the manner of the French women, which they alone seem to have the secret of "getting away with"—shadows her eyelids deeply with blue.

The first time we met Mlle. George was at a Saturday "studio night," her striking coloring vividly brought out by a short-sleeved, round-necked black velvet dress, a little black velvet hat with black cross, set at a chicly pert angle, and long barbaric gold ear-rings that reached almost to her shoulders. The second time was in Mlle. George's dressing-room after the matinee of the Follies. And it is this occasion that will probably interest you most, since at it we learned of a new French perfume . . or rather of a maker of perfumes . . that we are sure you will love.

When we came into Mlle. George's dressing-room at the Shubert, the place was filled with a lovely odor . . Mlle. George was seated at her dressing-table and her maid was just finishing off a head massage . .

"What a heavenly perfume!" we exclaimed.

"It is the hair tonic," explained Mlle. Yvonne. "It is so nice to have a tonic that is good and that really perfumes the hair as well, *n'est-ce-pas?* French women like to have hair that is perfumed. It is one of the subtle ways of scattering fragrance about us. I find that over here the American women seem to know only one way to use perfume. They turn the bottle upside down on the pocket handkerchief . . and let it go at that. In France we should never think of doing so. It puts the perfume all in one place . . makes it too heavy, too insistent. A perfume should come and go, it should never be insistent. It should speak, and be silent, *tour à tour* . . A French woman would use an atomizer . . or perfume the hair, as I have suggested . . or perhaps place a drop in the palms, so that when you shake hands with someone they may carry away a bit of your fragrance with them. Oh, there are many subtle things the French woman knows about perfuming!

We picked up the bottle of hair tonic—a clear, green liquid—to see the name of its creator (one unknown to us) and were told that it was the least of the products of this perfumer.

"I use many of his perfumes . . they are *won-dair-ful*" . . (You should see Mlle. George dramatize "won-dair-ful") . . "they have long been great favorites with the exclusive *femmes du monde* in Paris. This same man makes also a splendid almond paste for the hands, so smoothing, so whitening. Yes, you can now buy him in some of the shops . . Not till just recently, though. When I first came I did not see him at all anywhere, but the last week or so . . Yes . . in several places . . He will soon be as popular with American women, I am sure, as he is with the French."

(For the name of this new French manufacturer making the perfumes and other preparations mentioned by Mlle. George, write The Vanity Box, Care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., N. Y. C.)*

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

The warmth and color of the Riviera have been incorporated in *"Serenade"* of which Gigli makes a recent record. Good King Wenceslaus' storied snow drifts melt before the warm tones of this fragrant melody, from under the Mediterranean sun. Gigli sings it to a small orchestra, a violin, a flute, a 'cello, mandolins and guitars. This kind of record combines the very essence of poetry, romance and history.

Another record that gives gracious support to Shelley's promise of Spring is a new duet by Mme. Louise Homer and her daughter, Mme. Louise Homer-Stires. *"Go, Pretty Rose"* is a daintily impetuous English love-lyric, suggestive of a rose arbor, the soprano opening it, giving the rose its message. There is a soft rush of single melody, a flute tripping about the voice. After a celesta note or two the contralto joins in half-imitative but delicious harmony, the flute cooing, here and there, a still softer strain.

Orville Harrold's December record is of the popular concert-room, and home-parlor type. In other words, it might be described as an English barcarolle in late Victorian style. *"Tell Her I Love Her So"* is a healthy and charming love ditty, in vigorous, almost rollicking rhythm, the smooth tenor voice and an equally smooth trombone passing melodies back and forth with perfect mutual ease and understanding.

Have You Seen
The New Department
of
MOTION PICTURE
COMMENT & REVIEW
by
CLAYTON
HAMILTON
Which Starts in
THIS ISSUE
? ? ? ? ?

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

One of the loveliest of arias is the Connais-tu le pays from Ambrose Thomas' "Mignon," and Florence Easton's interpretation seems one of the most poetic and inspired of any yet given. "The King of Thule" on the reverse, she sings with that contemplative and quiet beauty of Marguerite dreaming at her spinning-wheel in the garden scene of "Faust."

The "Ballade" of Vieuxtemps and the same composer's "Polonaise" offer wide opportunities for such a violinist as Bronislaw Huberman, for his full, rich tone and his superb technique and musicianship. In both these recordings, Huberman has reached great heights, showing in the one his intensely poetic feeling and in the other his wonderful fire and spontaneity.

Golden suns and sands and a golden voice spinning a thread of incensed dreams, exotic cadences falling gently on the ear—poignant breath of India! Such is the charm of "Kashmiri Song" and "Temple Bells" as sung by Marie Tiffany, whose pure soprano drifts with the soft touch of a rose-gold cloud over the delicate nuances of these East Indian love lyrics.

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